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The Carnegie

GRANT NATURALIZATION TO FIVE APPLICANTS

Voluntarily Renounce Allegiance to Native Lands.

MADE GOOD SHOWING

Court was Impressed all Were Men of Considerable Ability—Each Attended by Two Witnesses Testifying to Qualifications for Citizenship.

Interesting proceedings before Judge Orvis on Tuesday attended the naturalization of five men as American citizens. All five were men considerably above the average type which appears for naturalization, each one of the group making a most favorable impression on the court and spectators and being accepted without the slightest delay. Each one, of course, had to submit to close examination by the court as to his general knowledge of the laws of this country and also as to his full and free desire to renounce allegiance to his native land. The consensus of opinion in the court room was that all five men are and will continue to be good citizens.

John Paul Hagman, a tailor residing at State College, was the first applicant for naturalization to be called. He is married, has a family and owns property at State College. Each applicant must have present two witnesses to testify in his behalf based on their personal knowledge of his general qualifications for citizenship. Mr. Hagman was attended by John T. McCormick, of State College, and A. C. Leathers, of Howard, for several years engaged in real estate operations at State College. Both testified to personal acquaintance with Mr. Hagman and voiced the belief that he had proved himself worthy of being naturalized. In reply to questions from the court, Mr. Hagman demonstrated that he possessed very good grasp on the general form of national and State government and pledged himself to faithfully uphold and comply with our laws. He was promptly accepted and at once took the oath of allegiance to the United States.

Dr. Fred George Cleeve, of Philipsburg, at which place he has been practicing dentistry for several years, was the next applicant to be naturalized. His general appearance made a most favorable impression in the court room, which was enhanced by his prompt, intelligent replies to all questions submitted by Judge Orvis. Dr. Cleeve is a native of Austria. Before removing to Philipsburg he resided in Philadelphia. He is a tall, fine looking man and speaks English fluently. He was attended by his father-in-law and a brother-in-law, Frank H. and Joseph D. Peirce, of Philadelphia, as witnesses. They testified to his character. Dr. Cleeve then took the oath of allegiance.

Charles F. Cook and Louis Carpeneto were witnesses for Frank Bruno, of Spring township, the third applicant to present himself before the court. Mr. Bruno is a native of Italy. His witnesses testified that from their personal knowledge they considered him worthy of citizenship and he was accepted by the court.

Otto Rudolph Hoffman, engaged as a butcher at Philipsburg, was the next applicant examined. He was attended by George H. Richards and James Black, both of Philipsburg, as witnesses Mr. Hoffman is a native of Germany and has resided in Philipsburg for several years. His witnesses asserted that he was a man of good habits and honest and worthy in every respect. In reply to questions from the court Mr. Hoffman demonstrated that he had familiarized himself with the form of government and the laws of our national and State governments. He was accepted and took the oath of allegiance.

Joseph Carpeneto, the last of the applicants to be heard, was unable to appear before the court when Mr. Hoffman retired owing to the absence of one of his witnesses. The court allowed the matter to go over until later in the day, when Mr. Carpeneto was duly naturalized.

Salona Girl a Bride.

Miss Ruth Wilt, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Wilt, of Salona, and John Barry, of Lock Haven, were married at the home of the bride on Monday evening, at 7 o'clock. Mr. and Mrs. Barry will reside at Lock Haven.

Musser—Wert Reunion.

The annual reunion and picnic of the Musser—Wert families will be held at Millheim on Saturday, June 20th.

Free train leaves Bellefonte 10:30 the mornings of the sale, June 19th and 20th.

PRETTY JUNE WEDDING

Miss Edith Fisher Weds K. Morrison at Centre Line, Near Warriors Mark.

The beautiful country home of Mr. and Mrs. James J. Fisher of Centre Line, near Warriors Mark, was the scene of a happy occasion on last Tuesday noon when their daughter Miss Edith became the bride of Mr. James K. Morrison, of Robertsdale, Pa.

Promptly at the noon hour the bridal party approached the altar over which hung a triangular canopy of sweet spring flowers. The pretty ring ceremony of the Lutheran church was performed in the presence of about sixty friends and relatives, by the bride's brother, Rev. Frank P. Fisher, of Altoona.

The bride was charmingly dressed in a gown of white embroidered voile and carried a bouquet of white and pink carnations. Miss Harriet M. A. Fowler, of Port Matilda, who was handsomely attired in a gown of white lace, acted as bridesmaid; while Mr. Byron R. Clark, of the Mt. Supply Company, of Cresson, an intimate friend of Mr. Morrison, acted as best man.

Following the ceremony the bridal party together with the numerous guests, gathered around the tables where all enjoyed the most delicious refreshments of the season. Mr. and Mrs. Morrison departed in the afternoon for an extended wedding tour in the eastern seaboard cities.

The bride is one of the most attractive and distinguished young ladies in Halfmoon valley. She is one of high attainments, many accomplishments and represents one of the leading families in that valley. The groom, a son of Mr. and Mrs. John M. Morrison, is a young gentleman of pleasing manner, high ambitions and was formerly one of Centre County's most successful school teachers.

The newly married couple will make their future home at Robertsdale, Huntingdon County, where Mr. Morrison holds a responsible position as purchasing agent with the Rockhill Iron & Coal Company. Their many friends join in wishing them a long, happy and prosperous life.

Large Sums Paid Out.

The Insurance Press of New York City issued June 3, states that Life Insurance companies doing business in this city paid in Bellefonte $38,500, during the year 1913.

The amounts from several Pennsylvania towns were as follows:

Jersey Shore, $182,500; Bloomsburg, $125000; Benton, $109,250; Canton, $92,550; Coudersport, $90,500; Bellefonte, $88,500; Milton, $65,500; Towanda, $65,000; Renovo, $56,500; Montgomery, $55,000; Sunbury, $63,250; Clearfield, $59,000, Lock Haven, $56,250; Sellinsgrove, $37,250; Lewisburg, $36,250; Danville, $28,250; Dushore, $19000; Muncy, $19,000; Ridgway, $18,000; Montoursville, $13,500; Watsontown, $13,500; Galeton, $11,000; Wellsboro, $13,500.

Pretty Wedding at Nittany.

A very pretty wedding was that last Saturday evening at Nittany when Miss Mabel Verna Allison, daughter of Mrs. H. K. Allison, became the bride of Paul Irving Pierson, of DesMoines, Iowa. The ceremony was performed at the home of the bride's grandfather, E. F. Shaffer. The bride was attended by her sister, Miss Mary Allison. Joseph Bailey Brown, of Pittsburgh, was the groom's attendant. The wedding march was played by Miss Mabel Knecht, of Lock Haven. About seventy-five guests were in attendance. Mr. and Mrs. Pierson will reside at Chicago.

Pennsylvania Industrial Reformatory

The exercises connected with the exhibit of the Industrial Departments, and the close of the present term of the Reformatory Schools at Huntingdon, Pa., will be held on Thursday, June 25th, at 2 and 7:30 P. M.

These occasions are open to the public, and a cordial invitation is extended to all who may wish to attend, to do so.

Carnival Here.

Harry Copping's Carnival has been exhibiting on the glass-works meadow all week, arriving in Bellefonte on short notice last Sunday. Ashland had been scheduled for this week but local conditions resulted in a change of program and Bellefonte was substituted. The management is dividing the receipts with the Bellefonte hospital.

Married at Altoona.

Jackson R. Cronister and Miss Marian L. Mattern, both of Julian, were married at Altoona on Wednesday of last week. The newly wedded couple have many admiring friends who wish them the greatest happiness.

Don't miss the opportunity of a life time to buy lots at State College.

BATTLE SCARRED FLAGS REMOVED TO CAPITOL

Impressive Ceremonies are Held at Harrisburg.

GOV. TENER'S ADDRESS

Affecting Scenes as Veterans from All Sections of State Carried Flags Used in Historic Struggle Between North and South.

Centre County Civil war veterans and many others were interested in the Monday ceremonies at Harrisburg incident to the transfer of battle flags from the museum to the Capitol rotunda, special provision for which was made by the last Legislature. A number of veterans from this section were in attendance. They report that the ceremonies were the most impressive witnessed in Harrisburg since the days of the Civil war when most of the flags carried on Monday were given into the hands of regimental commanders by Governor Curtin. A stirring feature was an address by Governor Tener.

Many veterans were deeply moved when they received their flags at the museum before the parade. It was the first time some of them had seen them in years and one color bearer of a Bucktail regiment cheered as he was given the flag which he carried in the Civil War. Great crowds surrounded the museum when the flags were issued and the appearance of F. M. Yeager, of Reading and F. H. Wentz of Lewistown, bearing the flags of the First Defenders, who led the procession was the signal for cheers which kept up all along the line.

Prominent in the line were Gen. J. F. Taylor, the first commander of the First Pennsylvania or Juniata Cavalry, who is 88 years old and who was supported by Col. David Gardner, who succeeded him in command of that regiment; Color Bearer Lukens with the flag of the One Hundred and Fiftieth Pennsylvania, captured at Gettysburg and recovered when Jefferson Davis was taken; Capt. John W. Morrison with the flag of the One Hundredth and many men prominent in veterans' affairs, some of whom wore the caps and coats which they had when mustered out. The flags of the Twenty-ninth, Geary's command and the Seventy-third, which was carried through a rebel prison, attracted much attention.

In the Spanish War division, Harry Cundall of Washington, Pa., carried the colors of the Tenth Pennsylvania which he bore throughout the Philippine campaign and wore his tropical uniform and the flag carrier he used in Luzon.

When the exercises were opened by the singing of "Pennsylvania," the national and state flags were broken out above veterans and 150 school children sang. One of the notable features was the song of Pennsylvania's battle flags, written by Mrs. Mabel Cronise Jones and sung by Abner W. Hartman with a children's chorus. The program closed with "America" and then while the National anthem was played the veterans of the First Defenders and other regiments up to the Seventy-fifth, including the famous Reserves, marched from the stand in single column, passing the governor and state officials on the reviewing stand and through a lane made by state policemen through masses of people into the Capitol.

The bands played war-time tunes as the roll of the regiments, troops and batteries was called, and to the air of "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp," "Marching Through Georgia" and "When Johnny Comes Marching Home." the veteran bearers moved with quickened steps in the rays of the setting sun on their last parade.

Governor Tener in his address before the gathered veterans said:

"We are gathered to-day to perform a pleasant yet very important duty, and to participate, as well, in a most interesting ceremony.

"Our duty is to carry into effect the legislative injunction that the battle-flags heretofore housed in the State Library building, be transferred to the main building of the Capitol, and to place them in the receptacles provided there for that purpose.

The duty, therefore, which devolved upon the committee in charge is indeed an important one, since the flags thus to be transferred constitute precious and priceless possessions of the Commonwealth.

"It is proper, too, that by fitting public ceremony the committee should conduct those exercises and that a day and date should be selected for such ceremonies, when throughout this land and at this hour, all people of the nation are paying tribute to the flag of their country. Speaking for the State, as I may, it is with great pleasure I welcome you to Harrisburg, the seat of the Commonwealth's government, and not only do I welcome but sincerely thank the veterans of the blue who are gathered hereabouts, and who at so much sacrifice have attended and by their presence and service made possible the complete success of this undertaking. There are soldiers here who have followed the flag they now carry, into fiercest battles and on to victory. The flag of our country was, we are told, first designed and wrought in Pennsylvania, and never changed in its essential features from that day to this. It is a flag respected by all nations, a flag as emblematic of our nation's patriots and institutions as is the sacred cross of the Christian world—a flag that has never gone down to ultimate defeat. Let us, therefore, protect and preserve those precious though tattered emblems as we shall ever honor and revere the memory of those brave men who defended them. More than fifty years ago, when the dissolution of the Union was threatened, soldiers of the South, followed their flags of Stars and Bars, while men of the North clung to Old Glory. From that day to this no emblem is so precious to a united nation as the dear old Stars and Stripes. An orator upon the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary reunion said to the veterans of the Gray there assembled, and speaking of our national emblem:

"'It was your flag and our flag in the closing days of the revolution. We had no quarrel then, for we stood side by side in glorious and successful resistance to our common oppressor. It was your flag and our flag when we marched upon the Mexican Capitol. Grant and Lee supported it then. It was our flag when you raised the Stars and Bars; but we continued to hold and to cherish it, not alone for ourselves, but for you. Then came the war with Spain. Again it was your flag and our flag, the flag of Dewey and the flag of Wheeler, fighting together as patriots and countrymen. And now, when we boast of a reunited country, more rich and powerful in men and wealth than any nation on the face of the globe, it is still your flag as it is still our flag—the glorious emblem of a peaceful and prosperous people."

PRETTY NOON WEDDING

Miss Elizabeth M. Blanchard Becomes Bride of Robert M. Beach.

A small and informal but very pretty wedding was that of Miss Elizabeth Miles Blanchard and Mr. Robert M. Beach, which was solemnized at noon on Tuesday at the Blanchard homestead on West Linn Street. Rev. John Hewitt officiated. The guests in attendance were the immediate families and a few intimate friends of the bride.

The Blanchard homestead was prettily decorated for the happy event. The parlor, in which the wedding ceremony was performed, was decorated with mountain ferns. The bride wore a dress of white netting, hand made by her sister, Miss Mary M. Blanchard. Following the ceremony a wedding breakfast was served in the dining room, which was decorated with roses. In the early afternoon Mr. and Mrs. Beach departed for the House of Lords, where they have planned to remain for probably one month.

The bride is a woman of rare attainments and has been identified with every movement for the betterment and moral uplift of her home community. She has many friends who wish for her the greatest happiness. Mr. Beach has been a resident of Bellefonte for several years, during which time he has been a member of the faculty of the Bellefonte Academy.

Mr. and Mrs. Beach will reside at the Blanchard homestead.

Send in Your Home News.

"The Republican" wants to print every bit of Centre County news obtainable. The co-operation of our readers will be appreciated. If you have friends visiting you, send us their names and addresses. Send us interesting news items such as births, engagements, weddings, deaths, sales of property, etc. Some persons hesitate to send such items to us because they fear their act might be regarded as an unseemly desire to "rush into print." In this they do themselves and injustice, and at the same time deprive us of the privilege of printing what would be interesting and welcome news. We would like to have a correspondent to send us a weekly news letter from each and every section of Centre County. Young ladies and young gentlemen, particularly school teachers, quickly find that writing a weekly newspaper letter is an education in itself. If your home community is not represented in our news columns we will be glad to have you send in the news. Stamps and stationery will be furnished on application.

THRESHERMEN NOW HAVE UNIFORM PRICE SCALE

Centre County Association Fixes Minimum Rates.

OPEN WAR ON BIGELOW

Defy Him to Make Arrests for Refusal to Recognize His Rules Ammending Law Governing the Operation of Traction Engines.

Centre County farmers and threshermen have not only got together to wage vigorous opposition to State Highway Commissioner Bigelow's rulings regarding the operation of threshing machines, but at a well attended meeting held at the Court House yesterday a uniform minimum scale of prices for threshing and baling was formally adopted. In the future members of the Centre County Threshermen and Farmers Protective Association will charge not less than the following:

2½c per bushel for threshing oats and barley.

3c per bushel for threshing wheat and rye.

$1.25 per ton for baling hay or straw.

The foregoing scale of minimum prices will prevail where surrounding conditions are normal. For work done under unfavorable conditions higher prices will be exacted, each individual case being considered on its merits.

W. K. Corl presided over the meeting, H. Laird Curtin serving as secretary. Considerable opposition to Highway Commissioner Bigelow's policy regarding threshing machines was voiced by several speakers. As explained by them, the present law imposes a license on threshing machines and to this no objection is offered. To the law, however, Highway Commissioner Bigelow has added certain amendments or rules governing the operation of threshing machines which owners class as not only objectionable but which would force the owner of any machine into financial loss.

Before licenses will be granted by the State Highway Department applicants must not only sign an agreement to abide by rules already promulgated but also to abide by any additional rules which may be formulated. Arrests are threatened for violation of the rules. The threshermen contend that they are not fighting the law in question but that they deny the right of Highway Commissioner Bigelow to impose on them regulations or hardships not incorporated in the law.

One rule complained of places on the owner of a threshing machine responsibility and liability for repairing any road damaged in any manner by such machine. Another rule requires that where a threshing machine breaks through or otherwise damages any bridge the owner of such machine is held financially liable for all repairs. These two rules are particularly offensive to owners of such machines and as a consequence protective associations have been formed throughout the State similar to that recently organized in Centre County. A State organization also has been formed. The instruction to threshermen is to defy the right of Highway Commissioner Bigelow to extend the provisions of the law, to refuse to sign any agreement to abide by such extensions or rules, and if arrested for refusal to take out a license to operate a threshing machine under Mr. Bigelaw's plans or regulations the matter will be tested in the courts. Centre County's association now has about 45 members, the initiation fee being $3. If a member is arrested for operating a thresher in violation of Mr. Bigelow's rules, such offender will have one-half of his legal expenses paid by the State organization of threshermen, who now number about 1500; one-fourth paid by the Centre County association, and the remaining one-fourth must be paid by himself. President Hart, of the State organization, was present and addressed yesterday's meeting. He stated that not a single member of the organization has thus far been arrested and he challenged Mr. Bigelow to proceed to making arrests, asserting that the powers which he has prempted would not stand a test in the courts. Mr. Hart urged upon members of the association the importance of electing men to the next Legislature who would not vote for measures inimical to their interests. He expressed the hope that the next State administration would clean out the Highway Department.

Bass Season Opened.

The season for bass and pike opened on Monday, June 15th.

Buy lots, name your own price, easy terms, a liberal discount for cash.

COUNCIL IN SESSION

Women Again Ask Permission to Erect Fountain in Diamond.

At Monday night's meeting of Bellefonte borough Council a delegation from the W. C. T. U. appeared and, through Miss Rebecca N. Rhoads, asked permission to erect a fountain in the public square in front of the Court House. She explained that one Bellefonte woman had offered to contribute $300 toward the project and that it was expected to raise the balance by public subscription. Council did not accord the delegation very much encouragement. President Walker said that a similar request had been before Councils for several years and added that a fountain would not be erected in the Diamond. He said that fountains or troughs for watering horses might be erected at the outskirts of the borough. Councilman Lyon informed the women that in his judgment all public watering troughs in the State would be abolished within a year to guard against spread of the dreaded disease glanders. He mentioned the present situation in Philadelphia where the use of public watering troughs has been barred by the State Health Department owing to the prevalence of glanders in that city. Several of the women voiced the belief that some provision should be made for watering the horses of farmers when they come to town. President Walker thanked the women for their presence and said that Council would consider their request. He later referred it to the Special Committee, of which Mr. Lyon is chairman.

Harry Dunlap was elected a policeman to succeed Jacob Kunsely, who resigned to become a guard at the new penitentiary. Mr. Naginey, of the Fire and Police Committee, recommended that Levi Symmonds be chosen to the vacancy. His motion was not seconded. Mr. Seibert stated that a majority of the committee favored Harry Dunlap. His motion that the latter be elected was seconded by Mr. Harris and when a vote was taken President Walker announced that Mr. Dunlap had been chosen. Mr. Naginey voted against the motion.

Chairman Harris, of the Street Committee, reported various repairs made to streets and the oiling of a number of others. Just before Council adjourned Mr. Naginey formally entered complaint regarding the condition of probably a dozen sidewalks in High, Allegheny and other streets. The matter was referred to the Street Committee. Secretary Kelly read a letter from the State Highway Department formally acknowledging receipt of the application by the borough and county for State aid in paving South Water and Penn Streets to the borough line.

On motion of Mr. Naginey President Walker referred to the Fire and Police Committee a request from the Logan and Undine fire companies for the purchase of four Pyrine fire extinguishers. It was explained that they cost about $7.50 each, and remain good until used. The committee was empowered to purchase the extinguishers if found to be satisfactory.

Chairman Brockerhoff, of the Finance Committee, reported that his committee recommended that the present rate of millage for taxes be continued for another year. The millage now is: 6 mills, streets; 3 mills, borough, and 5 mills, interest, making a total of 14 mills. Mr. Seibert reported that the revised water duplicate amounts to $8,215.75.

Council received from John McCoy a complaint regarding the condition of the Rhoads boardwalk, on West Linn Street, and a crossing on West Curtin Street. Burgess Blanchard submitted to council his check for $17, covering various amounts received in fines and licenses.

Released on Parole.

Judge Orvis yesterday handed down a decree for the release on parole of Thomas F. Speece, of Coleville, from the Huntingdon Reformatory. Speece was sent to that institution on February 23d, last, and his general conduct has been so exemplary that the officials willingly approved his application for parole. He is placed under the jurisdiction of Rev. Dr. A. M. Schmidt, to whom he must report once a month for six months. He is prohibited during this period, from using intoxicating liquors, must not leave the jurisdiction of the court without the knowledge and approval of Dr. Schmidt, and must at once seek and obtain employment. Failure to comply with these rules will mean his return to Huntingdon.

AGENTS WANTED—For Centre County Male or Female. Good reliable proposition; quick selling household article. Will give exclusive territory. Address L. Daggett P. O. Box 11, Bellefonte, Pa.

Everybody welcome at the big lot sale. Free band Concert, 1914 touring car given away.

News and Views of Women.

Julia Catharine Gray.

Human evolution has always indicated its stage of development and its hold on the mind by its expression in the relations of the race. The resistance of the American forbears to English bondage, which caused them to seek greater personal liberty in this new land, was an early expression of human evolution; and the militant English woman is a later and deeper expression of this same evolving race spirit seeking for suitable opportunity to express itself in the growing social life of the race.

In trying to understand the militant suffrage movement in England, it might be well to consider this dispassionate statement by a writer familiar with the whole situation:—"There are one or two things it might be well to remember. In the first place, the attitude of the militant is always one of protest, and never malicious; in the second, the whole situation is entirely different from anything over here. The type of men and the attitude of the British mind toward women is so different, too.

In England, for fifty years or more, every constitutional means to obtain the vote has been tried, and is still being tried. Petitions, signed by some of the most distinguished women in the United Kingdom, one alone having 10,000 signatures, have received no attention, and militant tactics have only been employed after all other means have failed. Neither are we to forget that this is pre-eminently a young women's crusade. It is the younger generation knocking at the door, proclaiming "Deeds not words," for youth is ever the advance guard of freedom. Before the timid hoard they unfurl a strange new flag inscribed;

"Through Evil Report to Honour.

Through Prison to Freedom!"

Think what this means to the "conservative element of social life," as women have always been called.

Now, when women like Mrs. Pankhurst a woman of unimpeachable ideals, great intellectuality, and exceptional charm—together with women such as Dr. Garrett-Anderson (one of the women pioneers of the medical profession), Mrs. Bertha Ayrton (the scientist), Dr. Ethel Smyth (whose musical compositions have a world-wide reputation), and Lady Constance Lytton (the daughter and sister of a Peer), go to the House of Commons in a perfectly orderly, peaceful way with their petitions, which, under a law of Charles II authorizing citizens to appeal to the King or his representatives—ask that their petition may be read, and an interview granted, only to find that they are not allowed even to enter the doors, but are met by a body of police and roughly and impossibly handled, and some of them thrown into prison—what are they to do?

When we find women giving up congenial employments to labor for half pay, or none, for militant suffrage; facing, if need be, pain and even torture; or when they have nothing but their weekly pittance between them and starvation, willing to risk this also to help the cause of militant suffrage—then we may be assured that this militancy is no thing lightly undertaken.

At the last Albert Hall meeting, from the people that the Home Secretary, McKenna, insist do not want to vote, was subscribed $75,000, to which jewelry, and even wedding rings were added. Money talks. At some of the meetings in the city the women who attempted to speak for suffrage were set upon and their clothes literally torn off them, leaving them naked. The police had to put their cloaks around them and carry them off; but, of course, such things are never allowed to be printed.

It was on the return to power of the Liberal party, at a political meeting at Manchester, that the first inconvenient question was publicly asked in a perfectly natural and simple manner. The question was; "Will the Liberal Government gives votes to women?" So many fair promises were made to men, and their questions were so civilly answered by those who were there for the special purpose of outlining the party's plans, that such a modest request was scarcely out of place from the two delegates of the Women's Social and Political Union These delegates were Christabel Pankhurst, who had taken her barrister's degree with as high honors as Mr. Asquith himself, although on account of her sex she is debarred from practicing in the United Kingdom; and Annie Kenney, who was a cotton operator, but who, by dint of great patience and perseverance, had educated herself in the night schools above her class. But this unexpected reminder, speaking, as it did, for the patient, persistent workers for women's enfranchisement, caused in the minds of the Liberals a panic lest they should be forced to eat their words, or fulfil the promises they implied. Consequently there was nothing to do but to eject—I have to admit roughly—the two inopportune delegates, who had constitutionally assumed the jealously claimed right of men to ask questions at political meetings.

Neither the public, and, let us hope, nor the press, knew that before these young women had the temerity to step into the public arena and ask this question which involved so much for every Briton, a request had been sent, on the announcement of the meeting, by a most representative body of women, asking the speaker of the evening to appoint a time to receive a deputation. This request was neither answered nor acknowledged. It is well to dwell on this incident—which is now ancient history—giving, as it does, the first militant note of the women's campaign, and the first incitement on the part of the Government to militancy. Also, the complete awakening of the women to the fact that an accredited public servant was not to be relied on to safeguard the interests of women and children equally with the interests of men.

The women have put up a wonderful case to the Government, and the Government has ignored it, and not only heaped upon them insults, but cast them into prison and tortured them by forcible feeding. And now, just hurried through Parliament at 1 o'clock in the morning, comes the Prisoners Discharge (for ill-health) Bill, otherwise known as the "Cat and Mouse" Bill. This bill permits the Government to grant a license to such prisoners who have been brought to the point of death or madness by forcible feeding, to be taken out and nursed back to comparative health, and then brought back within the time indicated upon the license, and the whole thing done over again, as if no part of the sentence had been served. Thus a three years' sentence can be stretched out indefinitely, as the time out on license does not count. It took only sixty seconds to pass it through the House of Lords. Of course, this is aimed at the militant suffragists. The Hunger Strike is a protest against being treated as criminals, and not as political offenders. When we think of the women's years of patience in the face of lies and political chicanery—when we think of the press boycott—of the failure to report the many magnificent meetings held throughout the country day after day—meetings at which such speakers as Mrs. Pethrick Lawrence, the Bishop of Lincoln, Mr. and Mrs. Rorbertson, Mr. and Mrs. Zangwell, Dr. and Mrs. Mansell Moulin, Mrs. Arncliffe Bennett and Bernard Shaw are not reported. And when we think of the illegal and unconstitutional methods adopted by the Government in the vain hope of crushing the constitutional and educational side of this great woman's movement, I am overcome with wonder that the history of freedom repeats itself with such accuracy.

Now, we may not care for militancy any more than the militants themselves, and we may argue that two evils cannot make one right, but we have to admit that the militants have made Woman Suffrage a real, living issue. Can we blame them? Or, can we show them any better way? Till we do, might it not be well to reserve our criticism?

Another writer expresses her sympathetic understanding in these significant words;—"These militant women are the women who cannot sleep in their comfortable beds as we do in ours, knowing the wrong that walks abroad. Those of us who do not openly aid and abet these women may at least speak humbly of a devotion greater than our own."

Free Libraries For All.

Why don't you have a free library in your community? Would it not be a splendid thing if there were near at hand a collection of good books to which you could go during the spells of bad weather when outside work is not possible, or when you need help in solving some question which comes up in your work? Do you know that there are many books written by men and women who are experts in your line for the very purpose of telling how to meet the problems which arise from day to day? Why would it not be a good thing to have such a collection where you, your wife and children could find such aid as comes from books?

All this is possible to those who live in towns, for our laws make provision for the establishment of libraries. It is possible for all such to combine and by joint effort provide books for themselves. But, perhaps you live out on a farm miles away from a settlement and with very few neighbors. A combination of all the families living within a mile of your house might not be nearly sufficient to provide adequate library facilities. So you have decided to accept your lot, and see your neighbors in the towns go ahead of you because they have books and you have none.

Well, there is no need of giving up. It is just as possible for you, although you are miles from town, with only a few neighbors, to have books within reach as it is for the townpeople, because your State has established a free Library Commission. It has charged this Commission, among other things, with the duty of maintaining a system of traveling libraries for the benefit of those living in the country and the very small towns. In the year 1913 this Commission sent more than fifteen thousand volumes into the very small communities of our State. Some of them went into places which are twenty miles from the nearest railroad station. In many places the books were kept in a farm house because there was no store or other more public place within reach. Just think what it has meant to the farmer people in Crawford, Mercer, Bedford, Fulton, Center, Potter, Bradford and many other counties to be able to stop at a certain farmhouse as they drove along the road, look over forty or fifty good, wholesome stories and popular books of history, biography, science, and possibly, agriculture, select something which interests them and take it home to be returned after it has been read. "It is possible for you and at very little expense. The State maintains the work and the only expense to the borrower is one dollar for each collection, which is used to pay the freight on the books. These are made up into libraries containing fifty volumes, put into a bookcase and loaned on the application of twelve taxpayers in any community. The books may be kept for six months and then exchanged for others. In this way any farming community can at an expense of two dollars a year (and this is used to pay the transportation) maintain a free library for the people.

Why not take advantage of this opportunity? More than twelve hundred places have had these traveling libraries during the past twelve years. You can do the same if you will. If you are interested write to the PENNSYLVANIA FREE LIBRARY COMMISSION, Harrisburg, Pa., and they will send all necessary information.

Plans For Junior Chautauqua.

While plans for Grown-Ups' Chautauqua Week are so excitedly buzzing, it is not amiss to call attention to the arrangements which are being made for the Junior Chautauqua which will be conducted at the same time as the other, July 7 to 13. It will be exclusively for the youngsters who will have the time of their lives.

Junior Chautauqua will again be in charge of Miss Anna Oppenlander who was Director last summer, and made it such a marked success. The plans she has outlined are so attractive that they make the writer almost wish that he were to be one of the Junior Chautauqua Youngsters.

The programs are to varied and unusual. There will be story hours when every story will be the kind that make you hold your breath for fear that you will miss a single word. The story hours will be varied with Information Hours when such subjects as "Birds" and "Good Citizenship" will be gravely discussed for the benefit of all concerned.

Time will be found during the busy week to teach every youngster at least one folk dance, and some of the nations. A Victrola with special records has been provided to furnish the music for these dances.

Of course there will be games every day, new ones and old ones. They will be graded for the small children and the larger ones, ball, relay games, folk-singing games will be played under the careful supervision of the two college-girl leaders. Each day time will be found for a few calisthenic exercises arranged to the music of the Victrola.

One day during the week it is planned to have a picnic hike for the older girls and boys. The occasion is sure to be a joyous one. Another day will be set aside for a small Field Meet, when all sorts of events will be arranged. There will be races for girls and races for boys, potato races and sack races and all the other varieties of races which have caused the joy of life to run high. There will be base-ball throws, and basket ball throws, and a long list of new games which it would be necessary to see in order to know them, as some have been invented just for Junior Chautauqua.

On the last day, a simple play will be given by the Junior Chautauqua for the benefit of the Senior Chautauqua. It is called "Mother Nature's Garden Party" and such characters as Mother Nature, Rain, Jack Frost, and Sunshine will appear at their best. During this play all the folk dances learned during the week and most of the other joyous games will be repeated, not only for the fun of doing it, but for the joy of the older Chautauquans.

Each day during the Series Lecture in the afternoon, a special session for all Junior Chautauquans will be conducted elsewhere in the town, when many of the best stories will be told and best games played, while the grown-ups will not be disturbed by the noise of the youngsters.

SHOWING CONFIDENCE.

It Has a Strong Influence In Making Business and Good Times.

Preachments about the value of optimism are a trifle bromidic, so instead of hurrahing for optimism I have a few instances of the influence that comes from putting a good face steadily toward bad fortune, and contrariwise the bad effect of mourning because business is not better.

"How's trade?" I asked a stationer. "Trade!" he exclaimed. "Trade! There isn't any. Things are rotten." Now, if I had had any intention of buying anything from him, which I had not, that depressing statement would have gone a long way to keep me from buying.

"How's things?" I asked the boss of a men's furnishing store a few hours later. "Little quiet, just now," he smiled; "but I can't complain. We have run ahead of last year and prospects are good." I felt like buying a new hat because the cheeriness of his reply made me feel that money was coming to me.

"How's trade?" I asked a tobacconist. "Good," he replied emphatically. "Little slow today, but trade is mighty good with me, coming right along," and I bought a cigar.

Confidence is the influence that makes good times because it quickens trade. But if all business men were to croak about bad business, would not that influence make us all very careful about doing anything? We would all want to sit tight and wait. The way to get good times is to face the world hopefully and go to work. The croaker is a trade killer.—Inland Stationer.

HAD NO SENSE OF HUMOR.

He Couldn't Clearly See the Joke the Boys Had on Him.

Some people have absolutely no sense of humor. A little London urchin ran into a baker's shop and, placing a half-penny on the counter, asked nervously and timorously, "Mister, 'ave you a 'alfpenny buster (bun)?"

"Yes, my little man. Here is one quite hot."

"Thanks, mister. Would you mind a-shovin' it down my back?"

"Down your back, my little man! Why down your back?"

"Cos, sir, I'm only a little un, and if those chaps outside know I've a buster they'll take it, and I am so 'ungry. I am."

"Dear me, how wrong of them! Come round here, my little chap. There—there, it is down your back."

The boy ran off. In an instant another entered—a bigger boy.

"I say, mister, 'as a little boy just been in 'ere?"

"Yes."

"And did 'e buy a 'alfpenny buster?"

"Yes."

"And did 'e arsk you to shove it down 'is back, as us big fellows would take it?'

"Yes."

"Yah! Where's your watch and chain? 'E's got 'em. 'E's just round the corner."

Out rushed the baker. In a trice the big boy collared the till and bolted.

The shopman never saw the comic side of the transaction at all.—London Strand Magazine.

Promises In Politics.

During a municipal campaign in Chicago a politician dropped in one morning to see a certain grocer. During the conversation that took place the politician asked, "And I may count upon your support, may I not?"

"Why, no, I am sorry to say," replied the grocer. "The fact is, I have promised my support to the other candidate."

The politician laughed. "Ah," said he, "in politics promising and performing are two different things."

"In that case," said the grocer cordially, "I shall be glad to give you my promise, sir."—Lippincott's.

The Eternal Marathon.

"Man," declared the old fashioned preacher, "is a worm."

"And," said a man who had been married three times and who was occupying a small space in a rear pew, "woman is the early bird."—Chicago Record-Herald.

On the Domestic Voltage.

"Wire you insulated?" the electrician's wife inquired when he made his appearance at 3 a. m. Whereupon he explained that he had become thirsty and had to make a short circuit.—Santa Fe New Mexican.

Loving hearts are like poor folks—they are contented with whatever is given to them.—Swetchine.

Early Italian Surgery.

Benvenuto Cellini (1500-1571) tells of early Italian surgery. He had got a bit of chipped steel in his eye, "so far into the pupil that it was impossible to get it out, so that I was in very great danger of losing that eye. But the surgeon came to the rescue with the pigeons. The surgeon, making me lie upon my back, with a little knife opened a vein in each of their wings, so that the blood ran into my eye, and I was thereby greatly relieved. In the space of two days the bit of steel issued from my eye, and I found that I had received considerable ease and in a great measure recovered my sight."

Where Poets Fail.

"Trouble 'bout these here poets," said the Georgia farmer, "none of 'em make good field hands. They won't plow for fear they'll hurt a wild flower, an' they won't swear at a mule for fear the animal's got a soul. But it's my public opinion that they're all afflicted with downright laziness!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Hard to Miss.

"I oversaw and overheard this delightful little thing in an alley running north from Payne avenue yesterday," says a more or less cryptic correspondent. "Two boys were fighting. One was a very fat boy and the other was very skinny. The thin one had a backer, however, who seemed to be very wise to all the technicalities of the manly art of self defense.

"'Hit him in the solar plexus, kid,' shouted the second. 'Hit him in the solar plexus, an' you'll put th' big tub out!'

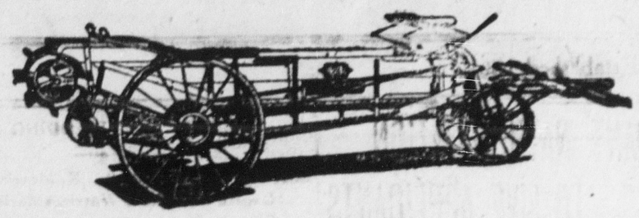
"'Where's his solar plexus at?' panted the thin one.

"'Aw, hit him anywhere—you can't miss it!' answered the backer."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Poor Schiller.

Mistress—What? Broke one of my china figures? The Goethe, I suppose. Gretchen—No, ma'am, only the Schiller.—Fliegende Blatter.

International Harvester Manure Spreaders



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TRICKED HIS PREMIER.

Pitt Was Quick to Act, but the King Got Ahead of Him.

On Jan. 19, 1805, Dr. Manners-Sutton, bishop of Norwich, was giving a dinner party in his Windsor deanery when his butler informed him that a gentleman wished particularly to see him, but would not give his name.

"Well, I can't come now in the middle of dinner," said the bishop.

"Beg pardon, my lord, but the gentleman is very anxious to see you on important business," and the butler was so urgent that the bishop apologized to his company and went out. The gentleman who would not be denied proved to be King George III.

"How d'ye do, my lord?" said he. "Come to tell you that you're archbishop of Canterbury—archbishop of Canterbury. D'ye accept—accept? Eh, eh?"

The bishop bowed low in token of acceptance.

"All right," said his majesty. "You've got a party—see all their hats here. Go back to them. Good night."

Next morning Pitt appeared at Windsor castle to inform his majesty that Archbishop Moore had died the day before and to recommend the bishop of Lincoln, Dr. Pretyman, for the vacant primacy.

"Very sorry, very sorry, indeed, Pitt," said the king. "but I offered it to the bishop of Norwich last night, and he accepted. Can't break my word."

Pitt was very angry, but the deed was done, as the king meant it should be, and so Dr. Manners-Sutton became archbishop of Canterbury and held the great office for twenty-three eventful years.—Chambers' Journal.

Scotland's Patron Saint.

Why was St. Andrew chosen as the patron saint of Scotland? This question has been asked many times, but the archdeacon of whom Dean Hole tells may be considered to have discovered the most satisfactory solution of the problem. "Gentlemen," said he (he was speaking at a St. Andrew's day banquet at the time), "I have given this difficult subject my thoughtful consideration, and I have come to the conclusion that St. Andrew was chosen to be the patron saint of Scotland because he discovered the lad who had the loaves and fishes."—Dundee Advertiser.

The Change.

"So he has ceased to be her ideal?"

"He has."

"What disgraceful thing did he do?"

"Married another girl."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The day is immeasurably long to him who knows not how to value and use it.—Goethe.

The Industrious Chinaman.

Of all oriental workmen the Chinese are undoubtedly the best, though there may be some with experience of both races who may be disposed to give the palm to the Japanese. A European who thoroughly understands his business, and who is able to impart his knowledge and his instructions in a clear manner to his Chinese subordinate, and who moreover is blessed with a little patience and tact, will find little difficulty in the management and control of Chinese labor of whatever kind. Speaking generally, they are good and conscientious workmen, and many indeed are very clever fellows. The quality of the work turned out by a good Chinese fitter, turner, or machine man varies little from that of the average good British workman of the same class, but the latter would beat him in point of time.—London Express.

The Fly's Stabilizers.

"On either side of the waist line of a fly is a stabilizer," says Dr. Bellesme, a famous entomologist. "This looks something like a base drum stick. These are extremely small, not more than one-fifteenth as long as the fly's wings, and while in flight they may be moved about, much as a tight rope walker uses a long pole for balancing himself.

"In experimenting with flies these little stabilizers have been removed. When released the fly begins his flight but without these stabilizers he describes a sort of semicircle and invariably lands on his back.

"Wasps and bees keep their balance while in flight by shifting the center of inflection of the abdomen and legs."—Exchange.

Would Have Made No Difference.

Sir Edward Cook in his "Life of Florence Nightingale" tells a story of a wounded soldier who picked up another wounded soldier and stumbled back into camp with him.

The rescued man turned out to be a general, no less, and when he went to see his rescuer in hospital the latter exclaimed:

"I'm glad I didn't know it was your honor. But if I'd known it was you I'd have saved you all the same!"

Bad Ailment.

Young Author—I don't know what's the matter with me, doctor. I've just published my new book, and I thought maybe the strain— Physician—I can see. A bad case of new writis.—Baltimore American.

Circumstances and Cases.

The Clubman—Circumstances alter cases, you know. The Lawyer—Yes, and a few good cases would materially alter my circumstances. Boston Transcript.

Be slow of tongue and quick of eye.—Cervantes.

SIBILANTS AND SONG.

A Combination That Does Not Produce Satisfactory Results.

"Writing verses for the printed page and writing 'words' to be set to music and sung," remarked a gentleman who has won laurels in both departments of industry, "are two very different matters. You can take liberties in the first case which you cannot in the case of 'lyrics,' as with these you have to consider the 'singableness' of the words used.

"To avoid sibilants like a pestilence and to use open vowels such as A and O wherever possible are the two golden rules. English has been called an unsingable language, and certainly Italian and French are more liquid and easier to vocalize in. Open vowels are very important. Compare, for instance, the word 'thee,' which is breathed out between the teeth, with its plural 'you,' which enables the singer to open the mouth widely. The relative singableness is apparent at once.

"An excessive use of sibilants produces a ludicrous hissing sound. (Read the last sentence aloud, and note the effect.) Nevertheless a well known dramatist was once careless enough to give an actor a speech in which he described 'Dick sitting still as a stone and steering the horse splendidly.'—London Answers.

BIRDS AND BRAINS.

The Canary Well Supplied, While the Poor Hen Is Sadly Lacking.

Naturalists have arrived at the conclusion that the brain in birds is large in proportion to the body. If it is admitted that intelligence depends upon the weight of the brain then the goldfinch must be placed at the top of the list of birds. The brain weighs one-fourteenth of its whole body.

It must be remembered, however, that attempts to draw conclusions as to the intelligence of certain birds from a comparison of the weight of the brain with that of the body have been considered futile.

In man the brain forms from one-twenty-second to one-thirty-third of the whole body; in the canary, one-fourteenth; the sparrow, one-twenty-fifth; the chaffinch, one-twenty-seventh; the redbreast, one-thirty-second; the blackbird, one-sixty-eighth; the duck, one-two-hundred-and-fifty-seventh; the eagle, one-two-hundred-and-sixtieth; the goose, one-three-hundred-and-sixtieth; the domestic hen, one-four-hundred-and-twelfth.

By some the preternaturally cunning raven is supposed to be the most highly developed of birds. His courage is so great that the eagle respects it, and his intelligence prevents him from getting into unseen though suspected dangers.—London Spectator.

KIDNAPED

A Story of an Early Fourth of July.

By F. A. MITCHEL.

Between Boston and Concord, Mass., stands a colonial dwelling that is typical of the middle part of the eighteenth century.

One evening (it was the Fourth of July, by the way) in the summer of 177— this property was brilliantly lighted for a wedding. The grounds were adorned with paper lanterns of variegated colors, while the interior of the house was illuminated with myriads of candles—a light whose softness has never been attained by any modern contrivance. This exquisite light touched tenderly the floral decorations and the cheeks of beautiful women, while the prismatic glass pendants of the chandeliers broke the rays into miniature rainbows.

The bride was Marcia, eldest daughter of Colonel Harwood, who was about to be united to Captain Trelawney, an officer of the force that had been sent over from England to Boston to keep the refractory citizens of that town in order and see that they

"SOUNDS!" CRIED THE COLONEL, SPRINGING UP

paid the taxes levied upon them by the mother country. He was highly approved by the parents of the bride.

Political differences often divide families, and they did in this case. While the bride was of the same opinion as her father upon the right of England to tax the colonies and with him bitterly condemned the recent "Boston tea party," her younger sister, Eleanor, who had fallen under the influence of a participator in that very act of rebellion, looked upon these efforts of England to turn trade that belonged to America to its own coffers as tyrannical. But it is questionable if Eleanor did not see the matter through the eyes of love, for she had given her heart to this young rebel, Lawrence Osgood.

Colonel Harwood was as much perturbed about his younger daughter's choice as he was pleased with that of her sister. No more loyal Briton than he ever lived, and the mere thought that he should have a daughter married to a man who would raise his hand against his king was harrowing. He had forbidden Osgood the house and had so circumscribed the freedom of his daughter that all communication between the two was cut off.

When we speak of all communication between lovers being cut off we mean ordinary communication. We do not refer to the many devices they adopt to confer with each other secretly. Eleanor and Lawrence Osgood had a postoffice under a corner of the high wall that inclosed the house. It had been made by some burrowing animal, and the lovers had concealed it with dry leaves.

Many pleadings of Osgood found their way by this underground route that Eleanor should elope with him. But she resisted, at first declaring that she could not thus bring sorrow upon her dear father, then that she would blame herself if she did so and, lastly, that there was no opportunity. Young, vigorous love will in the end triumph over such scruples, and Eleanor knew that her father's only objection to her lover was that he resisted tyranny. What wonder that she eventually gave as a reason for not yielding to her lover's suit that there was no opportunity! At the very time she made the statement the opportunity was at hand.

The colonel of Trelawney's regiment directed that the regimental band furnish music at the wedding. At the appointed hour the musicians began a wedding march, and the bride and groom, followed by the family and guests, marched from one drawing room to another on the opposite side of the hall and stood before a great open fireplace facing the clergyman and the assembled throng. When the ceremony was over and congratulations were begun the band struck up the national British anthem, "God Save the King."

Those present who believed that the king could do no wrong were inspired by the air dear to the heart of all Britons, while those who smarted under the burdens King George had imposed upon them listened sullenly.

The wedding was over. The two had been made one. The bride had retired. A number of guests were making merry when suddenly a cry arose:

"Bride stealers!"

In the old days in the American colonies a curious custom prevailed. Certain of the guests at a wedding would conspire to kidnap the bride. Watching their opportunity, they would carry her out of the house, place her on a horse behind one of the kidnaping party and gallop to a neighboring tavern. Rescuers would follow, and there would be a merry chase. If the fugitives reached the tavern before the rescue party the rest of the night would be spent in feasting and dancing, the bridegroom being expected to pay the reckoning.

No sooner had the cry of "Bride stealers!" been raised in the Harwood house than it was followed by:

"To the rescue!"

"To horse!"

"Which way?"

A drummer of the band, catching the spirit of the occasion, beat the long roll (which in war is used to rouse soldiers in case of an attack), and the house was in an uproar. Every man who had come to the wedding on horseback mounted in hot haste and set off at a gallop in the direction he was told the kidnapers had gone, while many of the women for whom horses stood ready were not far behind. It was not long before the road was lined with horses, chaises, vehicles of all kinds, carrying shouting, laughing parties in pursuit of the stolen bride.

Colonel Harwood contented himself to let the young people have their fun and, with the commander of the regiment to which his son-in-law belonged, repaired to the supper room, now deserted, and the two sat down to a bottle of port and to talk over the situation, which was becoming more serious every day. Colonel Harwood was advocating the use of cold lead in case a rebel mob grew unmanageable by ordinary means when Captain Trelawney entered. His father-in-law looked at him in astonishment.

"Why are you not with the rescue party to recapture your wife, sir?"

"Because my wife is upstairs. I have come to partake of a parting cup with my father-in-law and my commander."

"Your wife is upstairs!"

"Yes, sir. It is Eleanor who has been kidnaped."

"By whom?"

"I don't know, but I suspect it is Mr. Osgood."

"Zounds!" cried the colonel, springing up more sprightly than he had done since he was on the active list. "My horse! My horse!"

There was a new commotion in the Harwood household, not so numerous, but with more real emotion than had arisen at the cry of "Bride stealers!" Colonel Harwood as soon as he could obtain a horse galloped to the tavern and entered it like a storm cloud. Lawrence Osgood was standing by Eleanor, holding high a wineglass to drink with the assembled company, who had just proposed the health of himself and his bride. The fugitive couple had not only arrived at the tavern before their pursuers, but the groom had sent a parson there who had married them, pronouncing them man and wife just as the first follower had thrown himself from his horse and dashed into the house.

The moment Eleanor saw her father she ran to him and threw herself at his feet. He turned from her and bowed his head. Those of the bridal party who were present gathered round him and interceded for her, begging him to crown the happiness of all by his forgiveness, declaring that there was no finer fellow in the world than Osgood, and as for a man's politics no one should seek to control those of his son-in-law. Eleanor, seeing her father waver, threw her arms about his neck and added her pleadings to those of the others. Some one put a cup of wine under the colonel's nose.

Perhaps it was the welcome odor; perhaps his love for his daughter prevailed over his hatred for a rebel. At any rate, he slowly extended his hand, took the cup, drained its contents, then put his arm about his daughter. Others seized Osgood and forced him to his father-in-law, who extended his hand, and, though no word of forgiveness was spoken, all knew that the reconciliation was complete.

Singularly enough, the couple whose union the guests had assembled at the Harwood house to celebrate did not mingle in the festivities. It was daylight when the last stirrup cup was drunk at the tavern and the company broke up, each taking the road to his own home.

When the Revolution came on the Trelawney and the Osgood branches of the Harwood family were separated. Captain Trelawney and his brother-in-law fought on different sides. Colonel Harwood, who was too old for military service, remained at home, but loyal to his king. At the conclusion of the struggle his property was confiscated, and he joined that band of Tories who sought a new American home in Canada. He remained very bitter toward the rebels, as he called them, until the day of his death, though, except for Osgood's part in the Revolution, he never had cause to regret that he had forgiven him for kidnaping his daughter.

FEATS WITH THE CAMERA.

Difficult to Snap Fast Moving Objects at a Given Point.

Only an expert, and he only after much practice, can take a photograph of a rapidly moving object at a predetermined point—for example, an express train with the cow catcher just at a white chalk mark on a tie or a baseball at the instant the bat strikes it.

The reason for this is twofold. First, there is a certain appreciable time between the mental decision to do a thing and the actual doing of it; second, it takes a certain appreciable time for the impulse given by pressing the button or squeezing the bulb of a camera to travel to the shutter and open it. The latter may in a very fine camera be only one-fiftieth of a second, but even the fiftieth of a second in a train going 100 feet a second would mean a difference of two feet.

C. H. Claudy in an article in the Camera says that not more than once in four attempts will even an expert catch the precise instant he is seeking. The average man snaps his camera at the moment the ball is striking the club or racquet, and by the time his shutter has worked the ball has gone. A tennis ball travels nearly a mile a minute when struck hard. That is ninety-six feet a second, so in a lag of one-tenth of a second between the pressing of the button and the opening of the shutter the ball will move nearly ten feet, and ordinary cameras work no faster than this. So one need not wonder if even experts fail.

CLOUD FORMATIONS.

What We Know About Them Seems to Be Mainly Guesswork.

Many scientists have told us how clouds are made. Most of the textbooks on physical geography tell all about them, but it is all guesswork. Clouds are a mystery. It is true they are composed of moisture floating in the air, but how did the moisture get there?

It is held that particles of moisture are evaporated from the earth's surface by the heat of the sun. This moisture does not form into clouds immediately. Indeed, the passage of the moisture from the earth to the upper air is quite invisible. It was formerly supposed that this moisture was condensed by the cold of the upper air into rain droplets, which formed the clouds.

But scientists hold that the tiny particles must have something to condense upon. They used to tell us that the moisture collected upon dust particles to form into rain drops. Now they are practically agreed that it is something else, but they don't know what.

Anyway, when these drops get large enough they accumulate into vapor, forming clouds. When the droplets get too large and heavy to float in the air they fall to the earth in the form of rain, and this is about all we actually know about clouds.—War Cry.

An Eccentric Russian Doctor.

The famous Russian, the late Dr. Zaharin, was noted for his eccentric methods. When summoned to attend Czar Alexander III. in his last illness Dr. Zaharin required the same preparation for his visit to the palace as to any of his patients' houses. That is to say, all dogs had to be kept out of the way, all clocks stopped and every door thrown wide open. He left his furs in the hall, his overcoat in the next room, his galoshes in the third and, continuing, arrived at the bedside in ordinary indoor costume. He sat down after walking every few yards and every eight steps in going upstairs. From the patient's relatives and every one else in the house he required absolute silence until he spoke to them, when his questions had to be answered by "Yes" or "No" and nothing more.

Tail of the Possum.

An old negro was out with a hunter one day. The two found a peculiar track. Following the line of what were plainly footprints was a small, continuous furrow.

"What kind of a track is that, Jim?" asked the puzzled hunter.

"Dat's a possum track, sah!" explained the old negro.

"But how does he make that furrow?"

"He makes dat furrer wid his tail."

"With his tail?"

"Yes, suh. He lets his tail drag."

"Why do you suppose he lets it drag?"

"Ah doan' know, boss. I jes' reckin he doan' pay no 'tention to dat tail. S'pose he thinks it'll come along, anyhow."—Louisville Times.

Couldn't Blame the Pump.

A lumberman having awakened on a Sunday morning in a "dry town" after a big spree of the night before searched his pockets in vain. Being very thirsty, he remembered stumbling over a pump in the alley back of the hotel.

He hastened to the pump and began pumping, but without results, as the pump had not been primed. He slowly backed away and, eyeing the pump, said: 'Well, I don't blame you for not working, anyhow. I wouldn't patronize you when I had money."—Exchange.

Plain Hint.

"Miss Enid," began a young man—"or Enid, I mean—I've known you long enough to drop the 'Miss,' haven't I?"

"Yes; I think you have," she said, looking at him steadily. "What prefix do you wish to substitute?"—London Tit-Bits.

COMING!

THE MONSTER SHARK ON THE BEACH AT MONTEREY, CALIFORNIA.

Now One of the Thousand Curiosities on the

NORTH OF BAY COUNTIES EXHIBIT CARS FROM CALIFORNIA.

Undoubtedly the Largest Fish EVER Captured, the Only One on Public Exhibition in the United States, Except One Belonging to the Private Museum of Prof. David Starr Jordon, of Leland Stanford University, at Palo Alto, California.

36 FEET LONG, WEIGHING 10,383 POUNDS, 460 YEARS OLD,

AND OTHER WONDERS.

MAN-EATING SHARK.	LARGE DEVIL FISH.	GILA MONSTER,
HAMMER-HEAD SHARK.	MONSTER SEA TURTLE,	CALIFORNIA OSTRICH,
SHOVEL-NOSE SHARK,	ALLIGATOR,	DOUBLE-HEADED LAMB,
JACKSON SHARK.	FLYING FISH,	MAMMOTH TORTOISE,

And Over 1,000 Others, Together With the "Wonderful" Products From Our Orchards, Vineyards and Ranches.

EVERY VISITOR Receives a Beautiful Sea Shell, Novelty Made of the California Big Tree, Pampas Plume, or One of the Lucky Sea Beans, FREE, as a Souvenir. DON'T MISS IT. (See Small Bills Later.)

25c FOR ADULT | We are Advertising and Educating NOT MAKING MONEY | CHILDREN Under 15 Yrs. 15c

To Bellefonte

Thursday Friday & Saturday
JUNE 18 19 and 20
At Penna R. R. Station

THE REPUBLICAN.

Bellefonte, Pa., June 18, 1914

CHARLES E. DORWORTH, - Ed., & Pub.

Subscription rate, $1.50 a year, strictly in Advance.

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The Republican and the New York Tribune Farmer, $1.50 a year in Advance.

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One Quarter Column, 1 year..... 35
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THE REPUBLICAN TICKET.

United States Senator—Boies Penrose.
Governor—Dr. Martin G. Brumbaugh.
Lieutenant Governor—Frank B. McClain.
Secretary of Internal Affairs—Henry Houck
Congress-at-Large—M. M. Garland, J. R. K. Scott, Thomas S. Crago and Daniel F. Lafean.
Congress, 21st. Dist.—Charles H. Rowland.
State Senate, 34th. Dist.—S. J. Miller.
Assembly—Harry B. Scott.

NON-PARTISAN TICKET

SUPREME COURT

Robert S. Frazer, Allegheny County.
George Kunkle, Dauphin County.

SUPERIOR COURT

James E. Clark, Philadelphia County.
Frank M. Trexler, Lehigh County.

Almost any man with a garden these days would welcome the water wagon.

If it is a fair question—how much of Vance McCormick's $33,000 found its way into Centre County?

"T. R. 3d." was born last Sunday. Wonder what kind of excitement will be kicked up along about 1965.

Frank Davis opened his camp along Fishing Creek today. He will remain in camp until August 1st.

J. Mac. Heinle, electrician, handles all kinds of electrical supplies, including G. I. Tungsten lamps, and takes contracts for wiring in residences and buildings for electric light, heat and power. Bell phone, 261-W.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry H. Schreyer, of Chicago, are guests at the Country Club and will remain over Sunday. They are on a motor tour and thus far have traveled over 2,000 miles. Mr. Schreyer says the worst roads encountered are those in Pennsylvania.

J. Mac. Heinle, who has gained an enviable reputation for efficiency in wiring residences and buildings for electric lighting, heat and power, has located permanently in Bellefonte, with an office and workshop in the Lyric Theatre building, at the corner of Allegheny and Bishop Streets. He has on hand all kinds of electrical supplies, and makes a specialty of G. I. Tungsten lamps. He is equipped to handle contracts for wiring in residences and buildings. Prompt and satisfactory service guaranteed. Bell phone, 261-W.

Warns Against Trespassing.

Headmaster J. R. Hughes of the Bellefonte Academy, has posted trespass notices at the new Hughes athletic field, on East Bishop Street, and hereby warns all persons not to trespass on the field during the present summer. The field has been planted in grass and every effort possible will be made to have it in condition for use by the time for the opening of the football season in the fall. Mr. Hughes gives public notice that irrespective of persons trespassers will be arrested and fined.

Death of Child.

William, the four-years old son of Mr and Mrs. Clarence E. Williams, died at Asheville, North Carolina, on Monday afternoon, last. The parents formerly resided at Beech Creek. The body was removed to the latter place yesterday and funeral services held from the home of the grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry C. Williams.

State of Ohio, city of Toledo, } ss.
Lucas County }

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CURE. FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

(Seal) A. W. GLEASON
Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY, & CO., Toledo, Ohio
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Veterans Express Thanks.

At a regular meeting of Post 95, June 13th, the following resolution was unanimously adopted. Resolved That Gregg Post No. 95 publicly express their high appreciation of the asssistance so freely given, to aid the veterans in the proper observance of Memorial Day. To Troop L., the Undine Fire Co., with their band of music; the school children, Prof. Lukenbach and his quartette, and to Rev. W. M. B. Glanding and Rev. E. H. Yocum; also to the B. P. O. E., who so warmly welcomed the veterans to their home and hospitality—to each and all we offer the thanks of Gregg Post by order of,

EMANUEL NOLL, Adjutant. S. B. MILLER, Commander.

A chance of a lifetime to buy at the big sale.

FOR BUSINESS PROSPERITY

President Wilson is out with a vigorous statement charging business interests with causing the present depression to discredit his administration. Such an assertion is the veriest folly. It is the natural view of the theorist. As one reads it one would never suspect that it had been drafted by a man with practical experience along business lines.

It is significant that President Wilson not only sees but admits that a business depression has extended over the United States from coast to coast and from Maine to the Gulf. It is idle for any man to attempt to blind his eyes to the cause. The many thousands of willing workingmen who are out of jobs are not being blinded. Any and every unprejudiced man, and if we mistake not some who are prejudiced, knows that business was prosperous until President Wilson was elected and tinkering with the tariff was begun at Washington. From that day to this business has been slumping off. Virtually every city in the United States is swamped with thousands of idle men. Philadelphia alone has 70,000 vacant houses, houses made vacant because those who had been tenants could no longer pay their rent once they had been deprived of work.

The President sees the storm gathering. He is sensible enough to know that destruction to those responsible for present conditions lies in its path. It was the President's theory that the importation of cheap products from foreign countries would not, could not, affect the American workingman, but that wages would continue high, as under Republican rule, while the price of living would come down. The practical business man laughed at such a theory because he knew from actual experience that it would not hold water. American labor can compete with foreign labor only when both are paid the same scale of wages. That this is true is as clear as the sun. Foreign labor is poorly paid, whereas American labor is well paid. And there you have the difference. An article is sold on the basis of its cost of manufacture. The foreign-made article produced by poorly paid labor costs less and is sold for less than the same article made at home by American labor receiving the American standard of high wages. The American manufacturer is unable to compete with those abroad. The inevitable result is that he must close down. The men who have been at work in the mills and factories are laid off, and once the income of the breadwinner stops privation and want rise up to haunt the land.

No sensible man would for one moment attempt to say that a manufacturer would deliberately shut down his mills when he might run them at a profit merely to vent spite on the Wilson administration or that of any other President regardless of what party he happened to belong to. Business men, as a rule, are in business to make money, and it is a safe guess that nine-tenths of them don't care a rap which party is in control at Washington so long as business remains good. But business men do care when any party in control at Washington fails to make good, when it enforces policies which are inconsistent with prosperity. Business men generally are antagonistic to the Wilson tariff scheme because they see its weaknesses. Many thousands of unemployed workingmen are antagonistic to it because they know from painful experience that in a measure their work is now being done by men in the mills and factories abroad. They are placing the responsibility on the Wilson administration, and in so doing they are hitting the mark.

President Wilson this early in his administration must realize that no matter how honest he may have been in his theories as to the tariff they have not worked to the welfare and prosperity of American capital and labor. To attempt to escape responsibility by shifting it upon other shoulders will never succeed. Most American men will want to be "shown", and not the least of these, not by a long shot, will be the ones willing and anxious to work but unfortunately out of a job. The man with an empty dinner pail is in no mood for further experimenting. He knows that the one sure road to good times and prosperity is to return to Republican principles, and he and thousands of his brothers already are on their way. They will reach their destination when they are afforded an opportunity to go to the polls.

Everybody over 18 years of age, attending the sale, will get a ticket on the new 1914 touring car.

Advertise in "The Republican"

AMORIA

A Medicine to Produce Love

By P. A. MITCHEL

"Wonderful discoveries these, doctor, that scientists are making in serums for arresting disease," said David Waterman to his friend Dr. Pulsifer.

"Very," was the laconic reply.

"There is one remedy, however, the scientists have paid little attention to."

"What's that?"

"The imagination."

"I have used it."

"The power of the imagination is illustrated daily in a thousand different ways. A smoker with his eyes shut cannot tell whether or not the weed he smokes is lighted. I have myself drunk a glass of ale, thinking it to be lager beer, and supposed it to be beer soured."

"Singular, isn't it?"

"Very."

"I wonder if that is not the way love is produced."

"Certainly. Love is a product of the imagination."

"Why, then, can't you produce it by playing upon the imagination?"

"I can and have done it. In the case of one of my patients who made

"I WOULDN'T LIKE TO TELL THAT," DICK REPLIED.

herself ill by worrying whether she loved a man well enough to marry him I pretended to make a mistake in giving her a love medicine. She married the man she was in doubt about and is now a healthy and happy wife."

A girl of seventeen entered a room adjoining the one in which the two men were chatting just in time to hear this last statement of Dr. Pulsifer, catching only the words "giving her a love medicine" and what followed.

A love medicine! She had never heard of such a thing. Could it be possible that doctors could give a medicine to produce love? She had never been in love, but was very curious to know how one in love would feel. She stood very still, hoping to hear more on this interesting topic, but Dr. Pulsifer had caught a glimpse of her and was silent.

This young lady was Dolly Waterman, the daughter of one of the men who had been conversing. A few days later Dick Otis, a young fellow of nineteen, who had formerly been her playmate and was now her friend, came to see her, and another dialogue consequent on the first took place.

"Dick," said Dolly, "do you know that there is a medicine to produce love?"

"No, I don't," replied Dick, opening his eyes very wide.

"There is."

"Who told you that rubbish?"

"It can't be rubbish, for I heard Dr. Pulsifer telling it to father."

"What did he say?"

"Why, he said he gave a love medicine to a girl who was one of his patients."

"Dr. Pulsifer said that?"

"Yes, he did. And he said, too, that she married the man it was to make her in love with and is now a happy wife."

Now, Dick Otis was by no means as unsophisticated as Dolly. He at once saw that there might be an opportunity. Love was not the subject of interest to him it was to her, for most young men of his age are given rather to love of self than love for any one else. He at once resolved to pretend to tumble to the idea.

"If Dr. Pulsifer hadn't said that I shouldn't have believed it."

"Fact," said Dolly.

"Did he say how long it required for the stuff to take effect?"

"I didn't hear him say that."

"I'd like to get some of his medicine."

"What for?"

"Well, I know a girl who I think is sweet on me. She's a good match, but somehow I can't get up any emotion for her. Perhaps if I were to take a bottle of Dr. Pulsifer's medicine it would start me."

"I know who you mean. You'd have to take a dozen bottles to get up the slightest fancy for a girl like that."

"I believe I'll go to the doctor and ask him for the prescription."

"Do."

"Why? Do you want to take it?"

"No; I want to see how it affects you."

"Humph!"

Not long after this Dick came to see Dolly with a bottle, very prettily done up, with the word "Amoria" written on the label. He told Dolly that he had got it from Dr. Pulsifer—in which statement he broke the eighth commandment—and that he was going to take some of it. Wouldn't she like to take some too? Dolly asked him whom it would make him in love with, whereupon he assured her that she was mistaken in that part of the matter. A love medicine couldn't make a man love any particular girl. That was ridiculous. Dolly admitted that it was hard to believe. Dick pulled the stopper out of the bottle and held the liquid under her nose.

"Smells like roses," she said.

"That's one of the chief ingredients," Dick informed her.

"What's the dose?" she asked.

"Teaspoonful just before going to bed."

"Why then, I wonder?"

"Don't know. Maybe you'll dream of the one you are to fall in love with—like putting wedding cake under your pillow."

"Have you taken a dose yet?"

"No; I'm going to take one tonight—that is, if you will."

Dolly said she didn't care to be in love, and Dick said he had no special desire either. Dolly was very curious to know how it would affect him and begged him to take a dose. He steadily refused till she gave in and agreed to take some of it too. Then Dick poured a little into another bottle and left her the one he had brought.

Now, Dolly only consented to take the medicine for the sake of learning how it would affect Dick. She made a mental reservation. She would take it if she didn't forget to do so. But she didn't forget it. When she went to bed she took up the bottle, looked at it, held it up to the light and smelled of it. The perfume was delicious. She touched it with her tongue and it was like a new kind of candy. She poured a tiny bit into a spoon and put it between her lips. It was so nice that she concluded to take half a teaspoonful, which, being only half a dose, wouldn't affect her. It was so delicious that she concluded to take the other half teaspoonful. When she went to bed she had taken all there was in the bottle.

Dick had promised to come to see her the next evening and tell her how he felt. He did so, anticipating a lot of fun, since he intended to pretend that he was madly in love with her. Nevertheless he determined not to hurry matters nor to overdo it.

"Well?" said Dolly as soon as they were together.

"Well?" repeated Dick. "I took all there was in the bottle."

"With what result?"

"I went to sleep dreaming of a girl I had known for years. I had supposed I felt only a friendship for her, but in this was mistaken. For the first time I realized that I loved her and had always loved her."

"Oh, dear! Who is she?"

There wasn't the slightest reason for this question, for Dick told her with his eyes who the girl was.

"I wouldn't like to tell that," Dick replied, "until I learn how she feels toward me. How did the medicine affect you?"

"I? Oh, I didn't"—

"Are you sure?"

"I don't think I took enough to affect me."

"How much did you take?"

"I took half a teaspoonful."

"Didn't it make you feel a bit queer?"

"But it tasted so nice I took another half teaspoonful. Fact is I took all there was."

"Don't you feel any different?"

He was standing very near her, she resting one hand on a table on which there were violets. Dick took the other hand in his. He stood thus for a few moments, looking into her eyes, which were bent down upon the violets. Then he bent forward to her lips, she withdrawing them slightly. It may have been imagination, produced by a little sweetened water pleasantly flavored; it may have been the perfume of the violets. Whatever it was, when their lips met Dr. Pulsifer's theory was proved—love had been kindled.

"Oh, Dick," she said, looking up at him through her beautiful eyes, a happy smile on her face, "I feel so nice!"

"So do I."

"I wouldn't have believed it. Would you?"

"Not if it hadn't come from one of the most advanced physicians in the country."

Then a cloud passed over her fair brow.

"But suppose that when we stop taking the medicine we fall back to where we were?"

"Then we'll take some more of it."

"But we haven't any more; it's all gone."

"I have the prescription. I'll order a cask of it."

There was no fear that the flame, having been kindled, would cease to burn. Indeed, it became a conflagration, which burned itself out only when the honeymoon had waned to a crescent thread, and it left live coals that glowed with all the steadiness of a love that no love potion can ignite and no anti-love toxin can kill—the love of a united family.

ROYAL

Absolutely Pure BAKING POWDER

Makes Home-Baking Successful and Easy

HELPFUL WORDS

From a Bellefonte Citizen.

Is your back lame and painful?
Does it ache especially after exertion?
Is there a soreness in the kidney region?
These symptoms suggest weak kidneys.
If so there is danger in delay.
Weak kidneys get fast weaker.
Give your trouble prompt attention.
Doan's Kidney Pills are for weak kidneys.
Your neighbors use and recommend them.
Read this Bellefonte testimony.

"For many years I suffered from weak kidneys caused by an injury," says Joshua Folk, of 119 East High St., Bellefonte. "I had swelling of my limbs, but the worst symptom was pain in my back. When there wasn't a sharp pain across my loins, there was a dull ache and I was very sore. The kidney secretions were too frequent and painful in passage. Finally, I began taking Doan's Kidney Pills, which I got at Green's Pharmacy Co., and they helped me more than anything else I ever tried."

Price 50c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mr. Folk had. Foster-Milburn Co., Props., Buffalo, N. Y.

A healthy man is a king in his own right; an unhealthy man an unhappy slave. For impure blood and sluggish liver, use Burdock Blood Bitters. On the market 35 years. $1.00 a bottle.

Real Estate Transfers.

Recorder Frances Speer has recorded the following real estate transfers:

N. B. Spangler Admr. to George Jordan tract in Potter Twp. $250.

John Foster et ux to James S. Martin tract in State College $1.

James S. Martin to Annie L. McGann tract in State College $950.

William D. Custard et ux to Charles W. Musser tract in College Twp, $550.

John E. Noll et ux to C. E. Beyer tract in Miles Twp, $1.

William F. Ertley et ux to Sarah E. Foreman tract in State College, $6500.

James Delaney to John Delaney Sr et al tract in Marion Twp. $1.

Sarah McA. Hayes to Emery Marvel tract in Bellefonte, $15,000.

Bellefonte Markets.

Corrected by the Robert Morris store.

Eggs, per dozen	.15
Butter, per pound	.15

Bellefonte Grain Market.

Corrected by Gamble, Gheen & Co.

Wheat, white or mixed	.87
Wheat, red	.92
Corn, shelled (per bu.)	.70
Corn, ears, (per bu.)	.70
Oats, (per bu.)	.45
Rye, (per bu.)	.7
Barley, (per bu.)	.65
Buckwheat, (per bu.)	.60

Administrator's Notice.

Letters of administration upon the estate of Issac M. Thomas, late of Bellefonte Borough, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are requested to make prompt payment and those having claims against the same to present them duly authesticated for settlement.

J. K. JOHNSTON, Solicitor. MARTHA J. THOMAS, C. ARTHUR THOMAS, Admrs. Bellefonte, Pa

When Jewelry or Silverware is to be purchased, the store to look for is the one that

GUARANTEES

everything sold, no matter what it may be.

Our guarantee has never been doubted. It is an assurance that the article is right up to the standard in quality.

Look up any old Gold or Silver you may have lying around. We allow full market value for it.

F. P. BLAIR & SON
JEWELERS AND OPTICIANS
Bellefonte, Pa.

ALL THIS WEEK

CARNIVAL

Harry Coppings Shows on the Glass Works Meadow

FOR BENEFIT OF

Bellefonte Hospital

10 big shows, free act. Band concerts will be given daily. Come out and help the Hospital.

Correspondence.

Fowler.

Weather is fine; everything is growing.

Mrs. Sara Johnson is improving after an illness of many weeks.

Wm. Miller was a guest of Wesley Weaver one day last week.

Kenzie Williams and sister, Edna, were guests of Miss Ruth Lego over Sunday.

W. T. Lego has a fine cow and calf for sale.

W. W. Laird spent Sunday with friends at this place.

Paul McMonigal is rejoicing over the arrival of a big 11 pound daughter Mother and baby are getting along fine.

Mrs. D. O. Downing made a shopping trip to Tyrone last Tuesday.

Mrs. W. M. Stanley, of Milesburg, made a pleasant call with her friends at this place a few days ago.

Alonza and Elmer Nearhoof spent Sunday with their sister, Mrs. Earnest Moore, in Julian.

Miss Allie McMongial is visiting her father, at this place.

Mr. Jerome Boyer, of Altoona, made a short visit with friends here.

Mrs. Samuel Markowitz, from Homestead, is now on her farm at Fowler.

Mr. and Mrs. Dennis Murphy and daughter, Rhona, and son, Howard, have returned home after a pleasant visit to Philadelphia and Atlantic City.

G. M. Walk was a Tyrone shopper Saturday.

Children's Day at Mt. Pleasant was quite a success and largely attended.

Mrs. Tilly Gordon and family are guests of Miss Nannie Weaver.

Master Harold Earhart is the guest of his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. John Henderson.

Miss Mary McCrossin is visiting friends at this place.

Miss Mary Fowler has returned to Lancaster, after attending the wedding at the J. J. Fisher home.

Mrs. John McCrossin has returned to her home at Ramey, after a pleasant visit with her brother John Henderson.

Don't forget the big festival to be held at Dix School house on Saturday evening, June 20th, for the benefit of the Union Sunday School. Come and bring your friends.

Blanchard.

Rev. W. A. Biggart, many years ago pastor of the Liberty Baptist church, at Blanchard, died on Sunday, June 7th, at his late home near St. Joseph, Kansas.

Children's Day was appropriately observed at the Hunter Run church, there being recitations and essays and splendid music, also a strong sermon by the pastor, Rev. J. E. Dunning. There was a large attendance.

Fountain Linn has gone to Philadelphia for treatment for one of his eyes. It will be recalled that he was injured by an unexpected explosion of dynamite while working at the mines at Monument.

Baseball Saturday, next. Snow Shoe vs. Beech Creek. The latter team recently took over the scalp of Howard. Snow Shoe has a number of victories to their credit, so a battle royal is looked for on Saturday. Game called at 1.30 o'clock.

Charles E. Ryan Dead.

Following a decline in health, which had extended over a period of about two years, Charles E. Rine, a son of Mrs. Annie and the late Samuel Rine, died shortly after noon on last Friday at the Bellefonte hospital. He had been a sufferer from heart trouble and a complication of ailments. To his friends he was more familiarly known as "Tod" Rine, and during virtually his entire life he was employed at the water works. He was of a quiet, unassumming disposition and was liked by many friends. He was born in Brookville, Pa., and at the time of his death was aged 38 years. Surviving to mourn his passing away are his mother and these brothers and sisters: Harry and William Rine, of Bellefonte; Mrs. Nellie Fisher, of Boalsburg; and Mrs. Maude Norris, of Coatesville. Funeral services were held on Monday morning at 10.30 o'clock, conducted by Rev. Dr. E. H. Yocum and Rev. C. C. Shuey. Interment was made in the Union cemetery.

Henry H. Folk Dead.

Henry H. Folk, a veteran of the Civil war and retired Pennsy employe, died at the home of his son, Harry B. Folk, at Altoona, last Friday morning at 2:10 o'clock. Death was due to a complication of diseases and he had been ill for some time. He was the son of Jonathan and Hannah Folk, both deceased, and was born at Nickley Furnace, near Marysville, Centre county, November 8, 1841. He had resided in Altoona nearly his entire life and entered the Pennsy service September 15, 1861. At the age of 21 he enlisted in the Union army and was a member of company G. Forty-fifth regiment, Pennsylvania volunteers. He served three years and six months. He again entered the Pennsy service as a flagman and later became a conductor and some time later was promoted to general foreman. He had been in the employ of the corporation more than fifty years when he was retired. One son, with whom he resided, Harry B., survives as do two brothers of the deceased, Joshua, of Bellefonte, and John, of New Bethlehem.

Mrs. Ada V. Carter Dead.

Mrs. Ada Virginia Carter, wife of William F. Carter, of Altoona, died at the Altoona hospital at 7.05 o'clock Monday morning of cirrhosis of the liver. She had been in poor health for the past two years and on May 25 was admitted to the institution for treatment but grew gradually worse until she passed away. Deceased was born in Centre county on May 8, 1883, and had resided the greater par of her life in Altoona. She was a member of the First Methodist Episcopa church and was held in respect and esteem by those who shared her acquaintance. She is survived by her husband and two children, John W. and Charles, both at home. She is also survived by her step-mother, Mrs. Anna Ishler and two sisters, Miss Pearl Ishler, of Altoona, and Mrs Anna Griffith, of Cresson.

Get on Leathers Brothers free trains for the big lot sale.

FOR SALE !

HUCKSTER WAGON

Is in first-class condition. Will sell cheap. Inquire of

CHARLES WINTERS,
Osceola Mills, Penna.

THE NORTHERN TUTOR

A Story of Old Plantation Life

By WILLARD BLAKEMAN

Some sixty years ago Edward Lanier, a graduate of a northern college, having read much of plantation life, felt inclined to spend a few years in the south as tutor of the children of a planter. He desired to study law, but must support himself while doing so. By following his proposed course he would have much time to himself and live an entirely different life from what he would live in the north.

Lanier, through friends, obtained the position he desired in the family of Colonel Malcolm Sinclair, who owned a large plantation in Georgia and 1,000 negroes. He found the colonel an honorable, conscientious man and thoroughly identified with southern customs and interests. The oldest son was fifteen, and Lanier was expected to prepare him for college. A daughter, Alma, seventeen, was also to receive instruction from him. The other children were from seven to twelve.

If there is one principle concerning their children that parents are apt to ignore it is that, given a young man thrown in intimate relationship with a young woman, and there usually results a love affair. One of Edward Lanier's duties was to teach Alma Sinclair an hour a day. He lived under the same roof with her, and their association was unrestricted. Whether Colonel and Mrs. Sinclair did not think their daughter old enough to fall in love, or whether they considered that she would not think of a northern penniless tutor as a suitor, does not matter; they seemed oblivious to the principle above stated.

Lanier realized that he was hired to teach their daughter, not to make love to her. Indeed, the kindness and consideration with which he was treated by the family, the liberty accorded him, threw him on his honor not to attempt to win the heart of a girl of the impressionable age of seventeen. Alma herself soon showed signs of a preference for her tutor. This was in no wise due to a lack of modesty, but to an innocent unconsciousness that she had lost her heart to him.

When Lanier saw in his pupil signs of love it troubled him. What complicated matters was that in his heart he reciprocated the attachment. But never a word or a look of his betrayed love. Indeed, when he saw that his charge was in her innocence stepping over the line that separated them he would ignore any recognition of her act.

HE FELT HIS ARMS PINIONED FROM BEHIND.

The more oblivious he seemed to the girl's preference for him the more complicated became the situation, for his ignoring of her expressions of attachment were set down to indifference and that in one who loves is not to be tolerated. Alma being unconscious of her real feelings, or perhaps not realizing the danger of the situation, was very incautious. One day during the presence of her mother she spoke to Lanier in a tone to indicate her preference for him. He knit his brows, looking a warning. Mrs. Sinclair not only heard what her daughter said, but caught the tutor's look intended to repress her. She informed her husband of her discovery.

Lanier had been considering the expediency of breaking away from the girl he loved and who loved him and had made up his mind to do so at an early date. He was too late. Within an hour after the episode mentioned Colonel Sinclair came to him and said:

"You have been admitted to my home and have been treated with every consideration. You have taken advantage of your position to make love to your pupil. I desire that you leave this house immediately."

This was in the olden time when man's deference, his sense of protection, to woman was all powerful. How could Lanier justify himself? By saying that he had never spoken or even looked a word of love to the planter's daughter? Such a course would be throwing the blame, if indeed there were any blame, on the girl. Lanier entered upon no defense whatever. He made no reply, except to say that he would immediately get together his belongings and depart.

Unfortunately the tutor had recently made purchases which had taken all the money he had or was due him. Colonel Sinclair's generosity was not a whit influenced by this tacit acknowledgment of the charge he had made, though it is quite possible that he desired to more than discharge his obligations to the man who had wronged him. He sent his steward to Lanier with what he owed him for salary, with an additional hundred dollars that he did not owe. Lanier took what was due and sent the rest back by the steward without comment.

Lanier would have preferred to return to the north, but the journey was of more moment than today. Besides, he had no money, and, although he could have borrowed all he wanted from planters—whose liberality was proverbial—he did not care to do so. A gentleman who desired a secretary met him the day after his leaving Colonel Sinclair's and gave him employment in that capacity. Lanier would be ready to go north within a few months to pass his examinations for the bar and could save money enough from his salary to pay his way.

There were no children in the home of Lanier's new employer, and the young man had no complications to fear. He, however, declined all invitations, desiring to avoid meeting Alma Sinclair lest he should lay himself liable to a charge of remaining in the neighborhood with a view to prosecuting his suit. Alma, who had learned of the cause of his discharge, but was too young to take any action in the matter, simply suffered in silence.

While Colonel Sinclair treated his slaves with every kindness, it is not to be supposed that in all cases this induced a return. There was one man, called Jim, who under whatever civil system he had lived would have been a criminal and a desperado. The colonel had been obliged to discipline him on various occasions and during one of them while receiving his punishment in the presence of his master declared that he would be revenged. Sinclair, who knew no fear, thought little of the threat, but his wife and his family from that moment lived in terror lest the man make it good. Mrs. Sinclair begged her husband to sell Jim to some one who would take him to Texas, as far from Georgia as any point where slavery existed, but the colonel declined on the ground that he had no right to transfer a danger to any one else. He therefore kept Jim and sought to win him from his ways by justice and liberal treatment.

One afternoon Lanier was sent by his employer to collect a debt owing him. The only road by which he could reach the desired point was past the Sinclair plantation. He was on horseback and was skirting the plantation with a fence only between him and it when in a grove beyond he heard high words. He recognized in the voices a white man and a negro, that of the white man sounding like Colonel Sinclair's. Dismounting, he threw the reins over a rail and, climbing the fence, saw Jim, who was a powerful negro, advancing quickly upon his master.

Within the grove was the Sinclair family cemetery. The colonel had lost a child, whose grave he visited frequently. Jim had been watching for an opportunity to take revenge upon him and had entered the grove from a different direction. As Sinclair was placing flowers on his child's grave he heard a twig break and saw Jim coming with a club in his hands quite big enough to kill him. He ordered the negro to his quarters in a tone of authority which he hoped might cow him. Jim told him that he had come to repay the punishment he had given him and continued to move toward him. The colonel, being unarmed, had a choice between this unequal contest and flight. He disdained the latter and stood his ground.

The negro was within a dozen yards of his victim when he felt his arms pinioned from behind. Lanier had stolen up unseen by him and grappled with him. But Lanier could not cope with the giant for long. Colonel Sinclair darted forward and threw his arms about the negro's legs, and Lanier pulled him over. Between the two white men they mastered him, called for help, and he was soon secured. When he was led away with his arms tied behind him the colonel seized Lanier's hand.

"I owe you my life, sir. One blow of that cudgel would have finished me. Come home with me."

"I am on my way to perform a duty."

"Then come when you have performed it."

Lanier returned to his horse, mounted him, rode away, and when he returned stopped at the Sinclair plantation.

He found the conditions far different from those that had marked his departure. Alma, taking advantage of the changed situation, assured her father that Lanier had never spoken a word of love to her, but that she had doubtless shown by her manner a preference for him. Having heard this from his daughter, the colonel added to his thanks for saving his life an apology for the way he had treated the man who had saved it. Lanier was restored to a welcome in the Sinclair household and in time avowed his love. But, too proud to ask the girl to be his wife, he returned to the north and was admitted to the bar. Later he returned and took her home with him as his wife.

Liggett's Orangeade

Orangeade should be made from Fresh Fruit and from the whole orange, not fortified with extracts. In making Liggett's Orangeade only select fruit is used. By special process the juice of this fruit and the aromatic oils from the orange peel are extracted and by a special formula are incorporated with syrup delicately flavored and served to you as a delightful wholesome beverage—When you are in our store try a glass of this refreshing drink—Price per glass 5cts.

Sold only at

GREEN'S PHCY. CO.

The Rexall Store

A. THOMAS & CO.

CLARENCE PENNA.

Drilling Contractors

Well Drilling A Specialty

COAL AND CLAY PROSPECTING

Thoroughly experienced in all kinds of drilling. We understand the business in all its branches. Prepared at all times to give estimates on work. No job too small or too large for us. Reference furnished, based on contracts we have handled in Centre County.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

Address

A. THOMAS,
Clarence, Pa.

Marriage Licenses.

Register J. Frank Smith has issued the following marriage licenses:

John J. Sapula, Mary Safko	Clarence.
Frank W. Dashmen, Mary R. Bower	Potter Twp.
Harry F. Hubler, Madaleine Gehrett	Lock Haven, Bellefonte.
Robert M. Beach, Elizabet M. Blanchard	Bellefonte.
Jacob M. Boyce, Florence E. Bechdel	Mansfield, Howard.
Chester E. Homan, Verna M. Homan	State College Centre Hall.
Lloyd H. Rogers, Helen E. Deal	Swissvale, State College.
Paul I. Pierson, Mabel V. Allison	Chicago, Ill. Nittany.
Andrew Ammerman, Geraldine Johnston	Philipsburg.

Penny-A-Word Column

WANTED—White pine wood. Write or inquire of P. B. Crider & Son, Bellefonte, Pa.,

AGENTS WANTED—The money is yours if you grab this winner. Sells to every man—no talking. Show it and sale is made. Sample $1.00. Write Wyoming Co. 116 Wyoming St., Dayton, O.

FOR RENT—Two houses in first-class condition one is 4 rooms, one 5 rooms. Inquire of Mrs. William L. Steele, Sr., Bellefonte, Pa

FOR RENT.—The store room now occupied by Wm. McClure, on corner of the Diamond and High Street. Can give possession May 1st, 1914.

F. W. CRIDER.

WANTED—Reliable, energetic man to sell Lubricating oils, greases and paints in Centre and adjacent counties. Salary or Commission.
Doan Oil & Paint Co., Cleveland, Ohio.

FOR SALE OR RENT—Hotel, in good location; completely equipped. Any bona fide prospective purchaser or tenant may obtain further information by applying at this office.

PERSONAL—Save your hair with Annis-Brook Hair Food. It cures dandruff, falling hair, itching scalp; it ensures healthy hair growth, fully guaranteed. $1.00 per bottle. Annis Brook Hair Food Co., Corry, Pa. 4-16-6t.

DISTRIBUTING AGENTS—Either sex. Earn $12.50 per 100. Giving Free Pkgs. Blumer's Perfumed Laundry Starch. All or spare time. 1520 Blumer Bldg., Lincoln and Roscoe, Chicago.

About the size of your shoes it's some satisfaction to know that many people can wear shoes a size smaller by shaking Allen's Foot-Ease into them. Just the thing for dancing parties, and for breaking in New Shoes. Sold Everywhere at 25c. Sample FREE. Address, Allen Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

G. W. Hipple Dead.

G. W. Hipple, one of Lock Haven's best known citizens, died on Saturday of last week. Interment was made on Monday. Mr. Hipple had been actively identified with Lock Haven business affairs for the last half century.

Farmers' Supply Store Greeting

Just A Reminder

That should your mower fail to do the proper cutting, we have a few in stock for just such an emergency. Cherries are ripening—We have ladders for the very purpose.

Binders Twine

Rakes, etc. Hay tracks put in your barn to save labor that you cannot hire

Brookville Wagons From 2 to 4 Inch Tires

Sulkey & Walking Plows, Tongue Trucks to ease up the weight on your horses' necks. Hay rope and knot-passing pulleys. Pivot axle and walking Cultivators. Sections and section rivets. Knife grinders and grind-stones.

Both Phones. Better drop a card if you are needing anything in my line. Thanking you for past patronage and soliciting a continuance of the same, I remain respectfully yours,

John G. Dubbs,

Bellefonte, - - - - Penna.

The Picnic Season is Here.

And we can supply you with the best cold ham, minced ham or dry beef in the country. Our hams have a recognized and acknowledged high standard. Just the thing for picnics or a cold luncheon.

This Store Will be Closed All Day Saturday, July 4th.

Our patrons are respectfully requested to note this fact and prepare beforehand for this Saturday holiday. All deliveries will be made on Friday, July 3rd,

Double W. H. Trading Stamps Saturday.

ROBERT MORRIS

Bellefonte - - Pa.

A Terrible Dilemma

Ordeal Through Which a Brave Man Passed.

By PERLEY POORE SHEEHAN.

Copyright by Frank A. Munsey Co.

Pink Mead hadn't been living in Brooklyn very long, and he wasn't quite sure that he was at the right street as he signaled the conductor and worked his way off the crowded car.

It was one of those foggy, mysterious nights of early spring when every bare twig drips moisture.

As the car bowled heavily away Pink found himself in unrecognizable surroundings. Then he thought he saw a fence he recognized and started gayly down the street toward his new boarding house, half a block away.

He hadn't taken a dozen steps, however, before he had a queer, pervading certainty that he was wrong. The fog was getting thicker every second.

He paused, then started forward again and paused again. Just then a girl's voice hailed him.

"Oh, Mr. Mead! Is that you?" it asked.

It was a thrillingly sweet voice—a voice that would have appealed to Pink under any circumstances and one that no man was apt to forget.

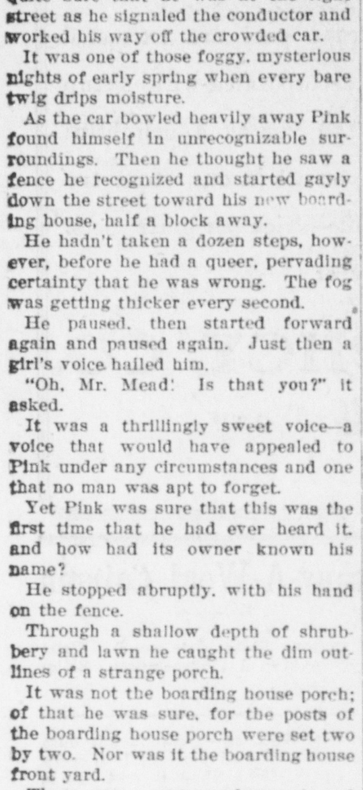
Yet Pink was sure that this was the first time that he had ever heard it, and how had its owner known his name?

He stopped abruptly, with his hand on the fence.

Through a shallow depth of shrubbery and lawn he caught the dim outlines of a strange porch.

It was not the boarding house porch; of that he was sure, for the posts of the boarding house porch were set two by two. Nor was it the boarding house front yard.

There was a scurry of gravel, and almost before Pink had had time to



"BE AS SILENT AS YOU CAN."

affirm his identity he was looking down into the eyes of a girl who he instantly decided was a queen.

She was small and lithe and dark, with eyes that were all the larger because of the night and the fog. She looked up into his eyes with a half smile for a second, then, suddenly startled, repeated:

"Oh, Mr. Mead, is that you?"

This time Pink didn't hesitate. He had his hat off instantly.

"That is my name," he answered blithely, "and you don't know how delighted I am to meet you, Miss"—

The girl raised her chin and turned her eyes aslant as one does who listens.

"Sh"—she warned him; "not so loud!"

Again Pink experienced that creeping sensation of there being a mistake somewhere, but at the same moment the girl swept open the gate.

"Come in," she said in that thrilling voice of hers; "we're all ready for you."

"That's awfully good of you," answered Pink, hesitating; "but, you see, I'm not exactly dressed for calling. However, if you"—

The girl smiled at him and started up the path. He followed.

He had always been of a sensitive and impressionable nature, despite his young and lusty six feet, and his heart was beating fast.

It was the long deferred adventure—the romance just touched with danger—that he had dreamed about ever since he was old enough to dream at all. He braced his shoulders.

He cast a quick glance to either side and sniffed the cool fragrance of the dripping shrubbery.

"This is almost dramatic," he said as he caught up with the girl on the porch steps.

"They didn't tell me you'd be so late," she thrilled softly.

"They?" he asked, with a little laugh. "Who are these mysterious they?"

The girl looked at him with a mingling of surprise and annoyance, then slowly smiled.

"You joke," she whispered; "for them it's tragedy."

The last word caught Pink fairly. For the fraction of a second it wilted him, and he felt an odd, trembling twitch at the base of his skull.

When he recovered himself the girl had tiptoed across the porch and opened a broad front door. He had scarcely reached her side before she switched on a dim light in the hall and left the porch in darkness.

Pink groped for words, but the girl turned with her finger on her lips. She looked so altogether frail and elfin as she stood there that the young man felt a momentary impulse to gather her into his arms for protection. He could put up a pretty fight on her behalf, he told himself.

In spite of the strangeness of the hour and his reception, there was nothing in the appearance of the hall itself to suggest the setting of a drama.

Apart from the dim red light that glowed overhead, the place had all the appearance of the ordinary comfortable home.

To the right was a hatrack, on which hung curiously a rather too generous supply of hats and coats. There was nothing about this raiment to indicate that their owners differed widely from Pink himself—velvet alpines, derbies and one silk hat hanging arrogantly on the highest hook.

To the left, where he felt must be the parlor, a couple of sliding doors which were not quite closed disclosed a strip of impenetrable blackness.

In spite of himself, he stared at this fringe of mystery with a twinge of hypnotic interest, then started visibly as he caught an almost inaudible sound of movement.

It was a very little sound!

It was something as though bare feet had been shifted on carpet or garments had been displaced by an involuntary movement of the body.

He looked quickly at the girl. She seemed more beautiful than ever—dressed simply in some veil-like stuff, her long black hair crowning her small face and falling in two heavy braids to her waist.

He saw now how intent her large eyes were, and the blood rushed to his cheeks as he saw the trace of a mocking smile on her lips.

"You look as though you were frightened," she whispered so softly that he could hardly hear her. And then:

"You're perfectly free, Mr. Mead, to go or remain."

"Count on me," whispered Pink seriously. And once more there seemed to be mockery in the girl's smile.

For a moment they stood looking at each other steadily, as young people of opposite sexes are apt to do when the hour is late and hall lights are dim. Then the girl said:

"And since you are so brave, Mr. Mead, you will go upstairs and take the first room to the right. Be as silent as you can." She reflected a moment while she looked at Mead curiously and added as if by afterthought:

"Of course you'll defend yourself if—if— Good night!"

She suddenly turned and glided between the sliding doors to the left.

Scarcely pausing, he began to mount the stairs.

The first room to the right, which the girl had indicated, was apparently a small bedroom. This much he gathered as he groped about it in the darkness. He felt a chair, a bed, a dresser. He had no matches, and he passed his hand over the wall in search of the electric light switch.

He found it seemingly at last and gave it a quick pressure. Instead of the flood of light he expected, he heard a strident ring in a distant part of the house, and he desisted. Moreover, he wasn't so sure now that he wanted light.

If he was to be a target for unknown peril he didn't see why he should illuminate himself.

A shuffling step approached the door, and he caught the faint brushing sound of a hand groping for the knob.

The hand rested on the knob, there was a muttered exclamation, and the footfalls shuffled rapidly away. Pink slid over to the door and listened.

A little farther down the hall another door was opened and closed.

There followed an interval of heavy silence, then something that again set Mead's blood to leaping, but this time with a sense of outrage and shame. It was a low, chuckling laugh.

* * * * * * *

When Pink Mead awoke next morning, still fully dressed and highly uncomfortable from having passed the night in a chair, he first sensed the familiar aroma of coffee and sausages. He looked about him.

The chamber where he found himself, if small, was conventional and immaculate. Glittering sunlight was streaming through the window, and as he came into full mastery of his sight he looked out upon a familiar landscape.

Thus fear and mystery had fled with the night—such things could never lurk in a room so clean and bright. Still, where was he, and how, and why? And who was the girl?

He met her in the lower hall, where he had left her the night before. She was looking more charming than ever.

"We were all so frightened yesterday," she said, "when the boarding house caught fire—and right next door!"

"My boarding house?" gasped Mead.

"And I hope you won't be too uncomfortable here," the girl went on, "while they're getting things into shape again. They said that they'd telephoned you. But, really, last night you acted like a man in a trance. Come in and meet my aunt, who was asleep last night when you came."

There was a chuckling laugh on the stairs behind them, and Mead turned to see a mild, thin man whom he had often encountered in the street cars. "And Mr. Johnson," the girl added, "a fellow boarder."

No. 28, Diplomat

She Won Success In Her Role as Cupid

By WALTER L. W. DISTELHORST

Copyright by Frank A. Munsey Co.

Little did No. 28's first customer that Monday morning realize how much of her happiness she was going to owe to those six silver plated teaspoons.

No. 28 had just returned from the jewelry department, where with her slender savings she had bought the spoons for her widowed mother's silver wedding anniversary, less than two weeks off. She was returning from her locker, where she had left them, when the young stranger with wistful brown eyes approached her counter in the art department.

"Good morning," the stranger began timidly, holding out a photograph. "I should like to have this framed."

On the back of the photograph in a man's hand was written "Jack Dawson." Just above the signature there had once been something else—as if the picture had been inscribed to somebody—but the words had been erased.

No. 28 was passing the picture along the bits of molding when the girl stopped her with:

"There, that ought to do, don't you think? I want something plain."

She stepped to the window with the photograph and the bit of polished wood to view the effect in the light, while the girl behind the counter reached for her order book.

"I'll call for it. When will it be finished?" asked the customer.

"Wednesday afternoon."

"Not before?"

With those brown eyes on her No. 28 almost promised to get the frame made that same day.

"We're very busy now, you know," she replied in her most businesslike manner, however. "It may not be ready even then, but we'll do our best."

No. 28 sent the picture to the shop upstairs. Soon she was so busy with other customers that she forgot about the girl with the wistful eyes and about the photograph with the erased inscription. But it all came back to her very vividly after lunch time when a young man appeared at her counter.

NO. 28 TURNED HER BACK.

It was the young man of the picture. He asked to see samples of molding for picture frames.

At the rack he drew a picture from his pocket, but he did not intrust it to No. 28's hands, and he himself selected the molding while she stood by.

"I'll call on Friday morning at 9 o'clock sharp," he said. "I'm going away"—he hesitated an instant—"and I want to take it with me."

"John W. Dawson, Civil Engineer," read the card that he left with the photograph.

But the photograph—it was a portrait of the girl who had been in the store that very morning! A perplexed little wrinkle showed itself in No. 28's forehead.

What did it mean? No. 28 puzzled over the mystery, causing an impatient customer to wait. She concluded there must have been a quarrel. And then the warm hearted little clerk wove romances about the two pictures during all the afternoon.

"They're not going to break their hearts if I can help it," she vowed as she was leaving for the day.

But how to bring about a reconciliation between two utter strangers? No satisfactory solution suggested itself as she clung to a strap in the crowded street car on her way home, and none suggested itself to her after she arrived there. The riddle was too much even for the resourceful Mrs. Dolan at first.

"There ye go ag'in, darlin', worryin yer little head about others' troubles when, goodness knows, ye have a-plenty av yer own," that matron said, wiping her hands on her apron and giving her daughter's cheek a playful pinch.

"I know, mother, but"— And the rest of the sentence was lost in a hug and a kiss.

"Molly, dear," the mother confided looking over her iron rimmed glasses, "at yer age I was just as mad. I worried about Tim's troubles, and thin I married him. Lord rest his soul! Troubles is good for us, specially the troubles av others. Sometimes I think if yer father hadn't let me carry all his he might be livin' yit. But the Lord knows best, an' it's not for the likes av me to be findin' fault with his doin's."

And Mrs. Dolan wiped a tear from under her glasses with the corner of her apron.

She resumed the subject while the two were busy over the supper dishes.

"Ye're sure ye're not wantin' to take this young man's troubles like I took yer father's?" Mrs. Dolan hinted.

"I don't want to marry anybody, mother, and you know it," replied Molly—"at least not for a long time. You know well enough that Tom's more than likely to go off on his new job without saying anything and that he's likely to find some girl there he likes better than me. It's the girl I want to help."

The mother nodded and continued to wash her dishes in silence. A half hour later she nodded again as she closed the door on Molly and Tom—a sunny faced fellow with Malone for his last name—bound for a little dance given by the locomotive firemen's lodge. But while Molly forgot all about borrowing trouble over the photograph mystery the mother crooned a little love song over her sewing and planned to bring together the two young hearts.

When Molly knelt at her mother's bedside late that night and whispered a little secret into her ear Mrs. Dolan first said:

"Darlin', I'm glad, for Tom will make ye a good man!"

Then she told her daughter how she could make the brown eyed girl happy too.

Late on Tuesday afternoon the young woman's picture, which was not to have been ready before the following day, was sent down from the shop.

"John W. Dawson," No. 28 said to herself as she gazed at the face behind the glass, "if you knew what fate has in store for your photograph you wouldn't be in such a hurry to get away!"

No. 28 was nervous all the next day and looked up apprehensively at every customer who approached her counter. Afternoon came at last and with it the girl who wanted to take home the picture. No. 28 recognized her the instant she appeared in the aisle. She kept her eyes fastened on her order book, however, and feigned surprise when the customer asked:

"Is my picture ready?"

"I'm sorry, but it won't be finished till 10 o'clock Friday. Will you call then or shall we send it?" said No. 28.

"I'll call."

No. 28 heaved a sigh of relief. That the customer should call just fitted in with her plan.

If there was ever a worried girl in the world it was No. 28 of the art department on Friday morning as the hour of 10 approached. At that time John W. Dawson was coming to get the framed picture of Miss Helen Davis, and Miss Helen Davis was coming to get the framed picture of John W. Dawson. Of course, neither knew about the other. No. 28 was sure that they had quarreled and that neither wanted the other to know.

Ten struck, and no sooner had the last stroke sounded than the two came toward No. 28's counter along different aisles. Molly's heart was in her mouth. She intercepted the young man first.

"Take a seat, please," she said, pointing to a chair. "I'll get your picture in a moment."

Then she flew to the other side and met the girl just as she was about to come around the corner.

"Take a seat," she said to the girl. "I'll get your picture in a moment."

Then from her desk she took the two pictures. "For Miss Helen Davis" were the words on a card fastened in the frame of Dawson's portrait. "For John W. Dawson" were the words on the picture of the brown eyed girl. No. 28 handed them face downward to the two young people—after interchanging them, however—so that when they were turned right side up Miss Davis found herself looking at her own likeness marked "For John W. Dawson," and Dawson learned that his picture was inscribed "For Miss Helen Davis."

"There must be some mistake," murmured a perplexed young man, approaching No. 28's desk from one side.

"There must be some mistake," murmured an equally perplexed girl, approaching from the other side.

No. 28 turned her back when they discovered one another.

"Helen!" she heard.

"Jack!"

Then she went to another part of the art department. Fifteen minutes later Dawson called her:

"I say, you made a bad mistake here."

"I know it."

"You"— cried the girl.

"I mixed them on purpose," interrupted No. 28.

"It's lucky for me you did," grinned Dawson.

No. 28 looked at the girl.

"It isn't a pleasant feeling when one thinks somebody's going far away without saying 'goodby'—and something else, is it?" said the girl behind the counter, her eyes suspiciously moist. "I was afraid, too, but"— And No. 28 interrupted herself, smiling and holding up her left hand to show the little diamond that sparkled on her third finger.

The girl at Dawson's side flushed and looked down.

To the art department a month later there came a small registered parcel. It contained a heavy gold locket with "No. 28" engraved on the front and two pictures in it—photographs of Mr. and Mrs. John W. Dawson.

NAVAJOS FEAR THE DEAD.

Hence They Get Rid of Their Bodies as Quickly as Possible.

One practice of the Navajos that promotes health among them, however repugnant it may be for us, is their disposition of the dead. In the presence of the living the Navajo is without fear, but his terror of the dead is abject and unreasoning. The dead are believed to be possessed of malevolent feelings toward the survivors, with unlimited powers for working evil upon those who carelessly place themselves within the power of the spirits.

So when any one dies the only anxiety of the surviving relatives is to get rid of the body as quickly as possible. If there are any white men living in the neighborhood an effort is made to induce them to perform the offices of undertaker. If not, the disposition of the body depends somewhat upon circumstances. If the hogan—the modern wigwam—is built of wood it is set on fire and burned with the body in it. If of stone the body is usually taken outside, the entrance to the hogan closed up with stones or sticks and a hole made in the wall opposite to permit the evil spirits to depart and to warn passersby that the structure belongs to the dead.

If the death occurred in a rocky country the body will likely be taken to some crevice and thrown in it. It may be left uncovered to become the prey of wolves and coyotes, or sticks and stones may be cast over it. If the family lives in a sandy part of the reservation, with no convenient crevices or chasms near by, the body will be laid upon the sand, a little earth and some stones thrown upon it, and a pile of brush laid over all.—Christian Herald.

The Judge Who Didn't Joke.

The funny sayings of a judge who never joked are found in "Arabiniana," a selection of the dicta of Sergeant William Arabin, who sat as a judge at the Old Bailey in London from 1830 to 1839. For instance, his remark to counsel:

"If you can show precisely at what moment the offense was committed and prove that the prisoner was not there when he did it he could not possibly have done it." And he sagely added as an afterthought, "We cannot divest ourselves of common sense in a court of justice."

Another axiom he delivered himself of has been fathered on many other occupants of the bench:

"If ever there was a case of clearer evidence than this crime is to that [illegible]

When Seals Were Food.

The gray seal used to serve Cornishmen as an article of diet. Stephen Hawker tells how he and a brother clergyman, having asked a landlady at Boscastle what she could give them for dinner, were told "Meat and taties." They tried to get her to particularize the meat, but "Meat, nice, wholesome meat, and taties" was the full extent of her information. When the meat was served it tasted like veal, but was unaccompanied by any vestige of bone that might have enabled the diners to infer its origin. Years afterward Hawker lighted on the nature of the "meat" when he read in an old history of Cornwall that "the people of Boscastle do catch divers young, soyles, which, doubtful if they be fish or flesh, conynge housewives will nevertheless roast and do make thereof savory meat."—London Graphic.

Twenty Years of Pleasure.

St. Michael's church, Macclesfield, England, is noted for its beauty. In "The Manchester and Glasgow Road" Charles G. Harper tells of a curious epitaph in the churchyard upon one Mary Broomfield, who died in 1755, aged eighty. It reads as follows:

"The chief concern of her life for the last twenty years was to order and provide for her funeral. Her greatest pleasure was to think and talk about it. She lived many years on a pension of ninepence a week and yet saved £5, which at her request was laid out at her burial."

Comfortable Disappointments.

Next to having the dentist postpone an appointment to tinker with your teeth what is the most comfortable disappointment you ever experienced? Ours is having only $2 to lend to the man who drops in to borrow $10.—Detroit Free Press.

Deduction.

"Tell me what you eat, and I will tell you what you are," boasted an amateur sage.

"Well, I ate a welsh rabbit and a lemon pie last night."

"You're a fool."—Kansas City Journal.

Knew Her Weakness.

Mrs. Cross—Are you a man or a mouse? Mr. C.—The question is superfluous, my dear. If I were a mouse you'd be on a chair screaming.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Dry.

"Why do you associate with all those university professors?"

"My doctor says I must live in a dry atmosphere!"—London Telegraph.

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July 7 to 13

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Dunbar Singing Band
Romano Orchestra
Tuskegee Institute Singers
The Toy Symphony
The Four Artists

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Dr. S. Parkes Cadman
Mrs. Edith E. Smith
Mrs. O. D. Oliphant
Frank Stephens

Illustrated Lecture
"The Panama Canal and the Panama-Pacific Exposition"

Illustrated Lecture
"Bright Eyes and Wild Hearts of our Northern Woods"
by Chauncey J. Hawkins

The Avon Players in
"Rada" by Alfred Noyes
and
"Cinderella" by Anna Oppenlander.

Motion Pictures

Saved by Dead Men

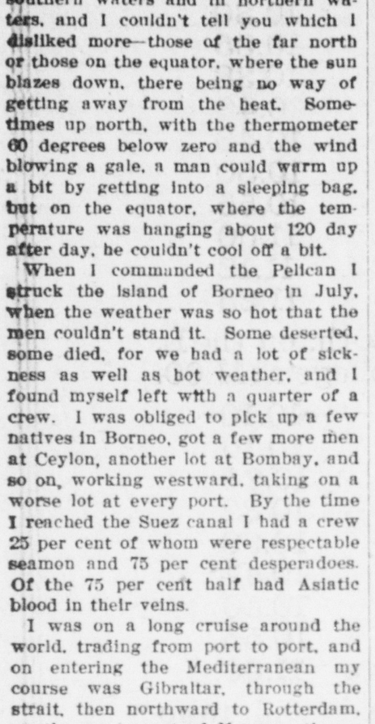
It Happened In the Olden Sail Ship Days.

By JOHN Y. LARNED.

I went to sea in a sail ship when I was fourteen years old and at twenty-two commanded a vessel. I sailed in southern waters and in northern waters, and I couldn't tell you which I disliked more—those of the far north or those on the equator, where the sun blazes down, there being no way of getting away from the heat. Sometimes up north, with the thermometer 60 degrees below zero and the wind blowing a gale, a man could warm up a bit by getting into a sleeping bag, but on the equator, where the temperature was hanging about 120 day after day, he couldn't cool off a bit.

When I commanded the Pelican I struck the island of Borneo in July, when the weather was so hot that the men couldn't stand it. Some deserted, some died, for we had a lot of sickness as well as hot weather, and I found myself left with a quarter of a crew. I was obliged to pick up a few natives in Borneo, got a few more men at Ceylon, another lot at Bombay, and so on, working westward, taking on a worse lot at every port. By the time I reached the Suez canal I had a crew 25 per cent of whom were respectable seamon and 75 per cent desperadoes. Of the 75 per cent half had Asiatic blood in their veins.

I was on a long cruise around the world, trading from port to port, and on entering the Mediterranean my course was Gibraltar, through the strait, then northward to Rotterdam, up the west coast of Norway, thence through the Dover strait and down the Atlantic to Boston. I should never have ventured to carry out such a course with such a crew. Most of my men came from the tropics and were hard enough to control even in a temperature to which they were used.



A LIVELY FIGHT COMMENCED.

To take them into the Norwegian sea in the midst of ice fields was little short of madness.

There was trouble continually during our passage over the Mediterranean, which required all the management of which I and my first and second officers were capable. But we were near land all the while, where we could reach marine courts, and the crew realized that any overt act of mutiny might be punished. In moving up the coasts of Spain, France and Holland the temperature was falling right along, and when any duty was to be performed most of the men had to be driven out of their bunks, where they were endeavoring to keep warm, to do it. By the time we reached the Norwegian coast it was almost impossible to get them to do any duty.

On reaching Christiansand my men became so unmanageable that I decided to go no farther northward. Sailing due west, I proposed to work southward along the east coast of Scotland. A gale arose, and the temperature fell to a point which the men could not be made to face aloft or in some cases on deck. We were driven between the Shetland islands and the Hebrides and thence toward the west coast of Ireland.

Fancy three officers of a vessel in such a region with such a crew! I being the master, the chief responsibility devolved upon me, but as our lives were at stake I do not doubt that my officers felt the situation as keenly as I. My two mates and four of the original crew worked the ship under my direction. I offered to serve with them, as they insisted on my remaining their commander.

It would not have been difficult for this diminutive crew to navigate the ship in a temperate climate and fair weather, but the decks and the rigging were covered with ice, and much of the time the weather was stormy. Some of our sails were blown away, and those that were not we managed to furl, except the jibs, which we kept out for steerage way. With these few sails to handle, our little crew were enabled to get on.

I kept the ship headed southward till at last we reached a zone where the temperature was not so low and the weather was fair. I hoped the men would return to duty, but they did not. They understood that they were in the position of mutineers and in case I could get them into a civilized port they would be hanged. So when the temperature and the weather were improved, instead of the men being improved also, they gained the will power for a desperate maneuver. One of their number, a Malay, who knew something about navigation, told them that if they would seize the ship he would take them to the coast of Ireland, where they could abandon her and thus save their lives. This seemed to them to be their only chance, and they agreed to adopt it.

We were several hundred miles south of Greenland when the mutineers came to this decision. They kept it secret from those of the original crew who had stood by their duty, but their secret was suspected from observation of their actions. When a crew known to be mutinous are seen putting their heads together it is evident that they are concocting some stroke. One of our active crew who had sailed a great deal in eastern waters and had a smattering of several languages spoken there made an eavesdropper of himself and gathered enough from their talk to get their plan. He came with it straight to me.

There were some twenty cutthroats among the crew, against whom we could oppose only myself, my two officers and four men—in other words, seven against twenty. The mutineers' plan was to kill all those who were not of their number, make for shore—either Ireland or Newfoundland—leave the ship and scatter.

There was one enemy they did not reckon upon. After leaving the Mediterranean on our way north we had taken aboard fifty casks of port wine, to be sold in New York on the completion of the voyage. Some of the mutineers, considering the matter of taking the ship as good as accomplished, broke into the compartment where the wine was stored and helped themselves. Others, seeing a plentiful supply of the beverage at hand, drank also, and in the course of a couple of hours two-thirds of their number were drunk.

Unfortunately their leader kept sober and succeeded in keeping the rest of his men in like condition. Nevertheless after holding a consultation with my two officers I decided to make an attempt to suppress the mutiny. Realizing what kind of a crew I had to deal with, I had before leaving the east taken a supply of arms to my cabin. As soon as it appeared that the orgie was not likely to go further I called my officers and my four men to my cabin, armed them, and together we went out, and I called for those of the crew who were sober to come forward. They did so, and it was evident from their looks that they intended to put up a fight. I knew they were armed, though they kept their arms out of sight. Since it was their nature to fight, there was every reason why they should attempt to carry out their purpose of taking the ship.

I intended to talk with them, endeavoring to persuade them to return to duty, but they did not give me an opportunity. They had traversed but half the distance between them and us when their leader said something in a tongue I did not understand. Then, some drawing pistols and some knives, they made a rush for us, and a lively fight commenced.

We drove them back, with one of their men and one of ours lying on the deck. But, rallied by their leader, they returned and this time succeeded in dropping two of our men—the second officer and a seaman—out of the fight, while they lost but one man, leaving them nine to our four. We had stronger stuff in us, but they were more agile and could better avoid our blows, the principal weapons used on each side being cutlasses.

The odds were now much against us. We were preparing for a third attack when on our starboard quarter I saw a ship. She had been unnoticed by our party on account of the excitement we were under fighting for our lives. The mutineers did not see her because they were fighting with their backs to her. When they started for us the third time I held up one hand as a signal for a parley and with the other pointed to the coming vessel.

The sight of a ship that I might signal for help took the courage out of them. Their leader urged them to strike a final blow before we could avail ourselves of her assistance; but, panic stricken, they scattered, running back to the forecastle, whence they had come, and down the companionway. I ordered one of my men to close the door and bar them in, which he did.

Meanwhile the ship that had saved us came on. I saw no one on deck except the helmsman, who seemed to be lashed at the wheel, though there were men lying on the deck. Putting the Pelican on a course to pass the stranger at close range, when she came abreast of us I saw that the helmsman was dead, a man propped against the mainmast was dead, and those lying on the deck were dead.

We had been saved by dead men.

The ship had been caught, probably long before, in a northern latitude in extreme cold weather, and the crew had been frozen. Likely they had run out of provisions. Since then she had been sailing in these frigid waters at the mercy of the winds.

SLEEPING IN CHURCH.

Men Do It Because They Are More Attentive Than Women.

A German professor who has been making a study of the problem declares that men fall asleep in church because they pay more attention to the sermon than do the women. Further, he declares the average woman does not begin to grasp the purport of the sermon; that she is far slower of understanding than man.

The man will watch the minister every minute, he will concentrate all his mind upon the preacher and what he is saying, he will watch his every gesture and every motion of his lips and listen to every word until finally he drops off to sleep simply because he has watched so steadily, gazed so intently, that he hynotized himself.

If the woman does not grasp the meaning of the sermon so readily, if her mentality is not quite so keen and quick, one would think she would fall asleep. But the fact remains that she has plenty to interest her. A man cannot look about the church and be interested in John Jones' cravat or William Smith's vest or Sam White's cuff buttons. He doesn't care anything about them, but a woman will sit quietly in church, she will hear what the minister is saying without giving much thought to it, but she will be interested in everything every other woman is wearing, and there is enough to keep her just moderately entertained and wide awake.—Chicago Tribune.

HAD FAITH IN HIS IDEAS.

Jules Verne Felt the Things He Wrote Would Come to Pass.

Anything new about that wonderful man, Jules Verne, is invariably interesting. And in the Paris Temps Felix Duquesnel, who knew the author well, tells quite a lot about him that is "not generally known."

"I believe I invent possible things," Verne used to say, "which is very naive of me, because all that I write will be realized. Human knowledge will demolish the impossible." But if he believed in the realization of his imaginings his friends did not at first believe that he would be successful as an author.

One day, according to M. Duquesnel, when Verne was in the company of a number of his friends, he exclaimed with great seriousness:

"Mes enfants, I think I am about to leave you. I have the idea which, according to Girardin, is necessary to a man if he is going to make his fortune. I am going to write a romance in a new form of my own invention. If it succeeds it will be, I'm certain, the lode of the gold mine."

The friends laughed. "Laugh away," said Verne, "we shall see who laughs last." A few weeks later "Five Weeks In a Balloon" appeared and was an immediate success. He had found his "lode," which he continued to develop for half a century.—London Letter in Milwaukee Sentinel.

THE REAL RUSSIA.

It Is Confined to a Very Small Section of the Vast Empire.

In "The Russian Empire, Today and Yesterday," Nevin O. Winter says:

"In a strict sense, real Russia covers only a portion of the more than 2,000,000 square miles that lie within the borders of the continent. This narrower definition would certainly eliminate Finland, Poland, the Baltic provinces, Bessarabia and the Caucasus and probably a part of the land of the Don Cossacks, the Crimea and the sections bordering on the Arctic ocean and the lower Volga. In other words, the real Russia has developed within this narrower section, and whatever of Russian characteristics appear in the eliminated sections have simply been imposed by the conquerors upon a people alien by birth and language.

"The actual visible influence of Tolstoy on Russia seems not to have been great. He was beloved and reverenced by many, but no party claims or has ever claimed him as a leader. The higher classes rejected him because of his opposition to all established government; the peasantry were repelled by his diatribes against religion; the revolutionists and anarchists repudiated his teaching because he had no definite plan to offer. His influence on thought and opinion in Russia will not compare with his influence in non-Russian nations."

PHOSPHITE NOT PHOSPHATE.

The Proper Sodium Solution to Use In Bichloride Poisoning.

In a recent issue of a well known medical journal the statement is made that mercuric chloride poisoning can be treated by the use of sodium phosphate with excess of sodium bicarbonate. Thus, editorially, the same journal says: "This solution, it is claimed, instantly converts the bichloride to the mild chloride, which can be removed by a dose of castor oil. It is very necessary that the sodium phosphate shall be chemically pure."

"Attention should therefore again be called to the fact," says the Journal of the American Medical Association, "that the names 'sodium phosphate' and 'sodium phosphite' are so similar that a serious error can be made by the misprinting or misinterpretation of a single letter. Sodium phosphite has been suggested as an antidote to mercuric chloride because it acts as a reducing agent to convert mercuric chloride into calomel—mercurous chloride—while the phosphite is changed to phosphate. Sodium phosphate will have no such action on mercuric chloride because it is already as highly oxidized as possible."

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"I never could make out just what that student meant," said Dr. Coulter. —Indianapolis News.

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Central R. R. of Penna. Train Schedule.

Leave,
Bellefonte for Mill Hall. 7:05 A. M., 2:20 and 6:35 P. M.
Leave,
Mill Hall for Bellefonte, 8:37 A. M., 3:56 and 8:35 P M.

BELLEFONTE CENTRAL RAILRO On and after Monday, Jan. 25th, trains will run as follows from the P. R. station.

TRAINS TO STATE COLLEGE.

	WESTWARD.	1 A. M.	3 A. M.	5 P. M
Lv.	Bellefonte	‡ 6.30	‡ 10.15	‡ 2.00
	Coleville	6.35	10.0	2.07
	Morris	f 6.38	.....	f 2.15
	Stevens	f 6.43	.....	f 2.17
	Hunters Park	f 6.46	.....	f 2.21
	Fillmore	f 6.50	f 10.34	f 2.28
	Briarly	f 6.55	.....	f 2.33
	Waddles	7.00	10.45	2.38
	Krumrine	f 7.12	.....	f 2.50
	State College	7. 5	11.10	3.20
	Strubles	f 7.7	.....	.....
	Bloomsdorf	f 7.31	.....	.....
	Pine Grove Mills	7.35	.....	3.40

* Daily. ‡ Daily except Sunday. "f" Stop flag

TRAINS FROM STATE COLLEGE.

	EASTWARD	A. M.	4	
Lv.	Pine Grove Mills	7.35	.....	f 3.20
	Bloomsdorf	f 7.40	.....	.....
	Strubles	f 7.45	.....	3.50
	State College	8.00	12.00n	f 5.03
	Krumrine	f 8.07	.....	f 5.00
	Waddles	8.20	12.00	f 5.28
	Briarly	f 8.24	.....	5.37
	Fillmore	f 8.28	f 12.28	f 5.35
	Hunters Park	f 8.31	.....	f 5.40
	Stevens	f 8.35	.....	f 5.40
	Morris	f 8.37	.....	f 5.40
	Coleville	8.40	12.40	f 5.50
	Bellefonte	8.50	12.50	f 4.00

Morning trains from Montandon, Lewisburg, Williamsport Lock Haven and Tyrone connect with train No. 3 and 5 for State College. Trains from trains from Montandon, Lewisburg Williamsport, Lock Haven and Tyrone connect with train No. 5 for State College. Trains from State College connect with Penna. R. R. trains at Bellefonte to points east and west.

F. H. THOMAS, Supt.

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Here and There.

Be sure to attend the lot sale June 19th and 20th.

Mrs. Harris, of Mill Hall, is the guest of Dr. Editn Schad.

Mrs. T. A. Shoemaker was a visitor in Williamsport on Monday.

Mrs. James Noonan visited on Tuesday with friends in Cresson.

Miss Margaret Cooney was an arrival home from Lock Haven on Wednesday.

James Harshberger, of Johnstown, was an arrival in town on Wednesday.

Mrs. Hugh N. Crider was an arrival home from New York on Tuesday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Wenzell, of New York, sang in the Presbyterian church last Sunday.

Leroy Brandon, of Altoona, visited here several days recently with Dr. Helfrich.

Benjamin Beezer visited Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. James Davis, at Jersey Shore.

St. John's Parochial School will give a play on Monday, June 22d, in Garman's Opera House.

Miss Marie Walsh departed on Tuesday for Maine, where she will continue her studies in music.

Miss Elvira Glinz departed on Wednesday for New Kensington, where she will visit for a time with friends.

Harry Fitzgerald, of Columbus, Ohio, visited here over Sunday with his parents Mr. and Mrs. William Fitzgerald.

Lieutenant Arnold was an arrival in town on Sunday and is a guest of Judge and Mrs. Ellis L. Orvis at the Bush House.

Miss Margaret Kerstetter, of Curwensville, who had been visiting here with Mrs. Morris Furey, returned to her home on Wednesday.

Mrs. Matilde Dale was called from Morristown to Spartansburg, South Carolina, by the death of her little granddaughter, Matilde Dale Wetmore.

Mrs. Robert Fay, who had been visiting here with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John N. Lane, for some days, returned yesterday to her home in Altoona.

Mrs. W. R. Jenkins departed on Monday for Indiana. Her daughter, Miss Dorothy Richards Jenkins, is a graduate this week at the Indiana State Normal School.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Thomas Mitchell were hosts to a motor party to Lewistown on Wednesday, their guests including Mrs. Mitchell's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Engle, of Indianapolis.

Dr. and Mrs. George D. Green, of Lock Haven, attended the Beach-Blanchard wedding on Tuesday. Mrs. Green will visit here with Miss Mary Blanchard for several weeks.

Miss Grace Mitchell was an arrival home last week and will remain until July 1st, when she will go to New York to take a course in higher mathematics at Columbia University.

Dr. Emery Marvel, who purchased the Mrs. T. R. Hayes residence on North Allegheny Street, was an arrival in Bellefonte on Tuesday to give the property his personal attention.

The Ladies Aid Society of the United Brethren church will hold a bake sale of bread, rolls, pies, cake and ice cream in the basement of the church on Saturday afternoon and evening, June 20th.

Mr. and Mrs. Orian Ishler were arrivals in town on Tuesday, called here by the critical illness of the former's father, ex Sheriff W. A. Ishler. The latter's condition shows little if any improvement.

Rev. Dr. E. H. Yocum held services at the new penitentiary last Sunday at the request of Warden John Francies. Messers. R. Russell Blair and George R. Meek accompanied him. The service was greatly enjoyed by the convicts.

Mrs. Albert Blackburn with her three children and maid, arrived here from Philadelphia on Monday evening to visit for a month with her mother, Mrs. J. L. Spangler. Colonel and Mrs. Spangler were arrivals home on Wednesday from Atlantic City, where they had been sojourning since April 1st.

Mrs. PatsyStewart and grand-daughter, Miss Margaret Stewart, with Mrs. J. A Thompson, of Port Matilda, departed on Tuesday afternoon for WilkesBarre, where they will stay with the Lathrops for a short time, later going to Hagerstown, Maryland, to visit with Mrs. Mary Miller, a daughter of Mrs. Stewart.

Mrs. J. Mitchell Cunningham and her niece, Miss Elizabeth Cunningham, departed this week for Washington, D. C., where they are attending the graduating exercises today at the Georgetown University Hospital. Miss Helen Cunningham, another niece of Mrs. Cunningham, is a member of the nurses' class of graduates. They expect to visit in Washington about ten days.

The Philadelphia "Evening Telegraph" in an elaborate report of the annual regattas of the several barge clubs along the Schuylkill river, in Fairmount Park, last Saturday, made special mention of the fact that Boyd H. Magee, a brother of William A. Magee and Forrest N. Magee, had stroked the winning four-oared gig crew in a race in which there were six entries. The same article noted the presence of Surveyor of the Port Charles R. Kurtz among the invited guests at the races.

Free automobile given away at the big lot sale.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Pierce departed on Sunday for Latrobe.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Ross are guests of the latter's sister and Mr. Charles A. Morris.

Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Crider are entertaining Miss Kate Burrows, of Williamsport, and Miss Elizabeth Henderson, of Montgomery.

C. M. Muffly, of Howard, was a pleasant caller at "The Republican" office a few days ago.

Thomas and Clarence Hamilton, of New York, have been visiting this week with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Thad. Hamilton, on Howard Street.

Beginning with tomorrow the Central Railroad Co. of Penna. will hold dances each Friday at Hecla Park. Music by Christy Smith's orchestra.

Mr. and Mrs. James C. Furst and Mr. and Mrs. John Curtin are located along Fishing Creek for a two weeks stay, having opened their camp today.

Don't forget that the big carnival at the glass works meadow this week is sharing its receipts with the Bellefonte hospital. Entertainments each afternoon and evening.

Clement Dale, Esq., made a visit to Gettysburg and Washington, D. C. last week. While at Gettysburg Mr. Dale attended the reunion of his class which graduated in 1874.

William C. Cassidy spent several days last week at the Davis camp along Fishing Creek. He reports fairly good luck. The McCurdy-Quigley party are in camp along the same stream.

Rev. and Mrs. John Hewitt departed on the early afternoon train on Tuesday for Sunbury, where Mr. Hewitt is filling a summer engagement prior to locating at Raleigh, North Carolina.

Children's Day services will be held in St. John's Reformed Church next Sunday morning at 10.30. "The Sunday School Army" subject will be used. You are cordially invited to join the Sunday School Army.

Elliot Morris, son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Morris, is home from St. Luke's School, at Wayne, for the summer vacation. Philip Reynolds, also a student at St. Luke's, will arrive home on Saturday for the summer.

Captain W. H. Fry, of Pine Grove Mills, attended the ceremonies at Harrisburg this week incident to the transfer of battle flags to the Capitol rotunda. The services were quite elaborate and attracted many Civil war veterans.

Monday was the opening day of the season for pike, and Sheriff Lee and Clayton Brown ushered in the day with a catch of seven beauties in Bald Eagle creek, near Unionville. Sheriff Lee landed a pike measuring over 20 inches.

The Methodist congregation at Coleville will hold a festival on the chapel lawn on Saturday, June 20th, at which ice cream, cake, fruit and candies will be on sale. Everybody is invited to attend and enjoy the evening while also aiding a worthy cause.

A. S. Richards, editor of the Philipsburg "Ledger", and Ernest E. Demi, also of Philipsburg, were genial visitors in Bellefonte on Tuesday. Mr. Demi has the agency for the Empire automobile and is enthusiastic in his praise of its various features of merit.

Miss Rebecca Jacobs, who had been visiting several weeks with her aunt, Mrs. F. W. Crider, departed last Friday for Crafton, where she will visit for a short time and then enter a summer school to prepare for examination for a teacher's permanent certificate.

Prothonotary D. R. Foreman last Sunday went up to Snow Shoe Intersection and visited for a few hours with Ezra Fisher, who recently suffered a stroke of paralysis. Mr. Fisher is in his eighty-third year. He has recovered sufficiently to be able to enjoy sitting in a comfortable arm chair on the porch.

Edmund Joseph, a former Bellefonte boy who in attending the Columbia Law School, is New York, visited with home friends here several days last week. Instead of enjoying his usual summer vacation in the Adirondacks, Edmund will devote the next few months to hard grind in a New York law office. He is looking well and his many old friends here were glad to see him.

Cards have been received announcing the marriage in Philadelphia on June 10th of Charles A. McClure, a son of Mr. and Mrs. James I. Mclure, of Bellefonte, and Miss Henrietta S. Adams, of Philadelphia. The groom is a lawyer and attached to the law offices of Peck, Shields & Clark, in the West End Trust Building, in Philadelphia. Mr. and Mrs. McClure will visit Bellefonte next week and after September first will be at home at 5445 Locust Street, Philadelphia.

When the 1.25 passenger from Tyrone rolled into Bellefonte on Tuesday afternoon the pony wheels of the locomotive jumped off the track while passing over the High Street crossing. The locomotive was not brought to a full stop until it had traveled nearly to the baggage room beyond the passenger station. Fortunately the train was not traveling at a fast pace and beyond jolting the locomotive the accident caused no particular inconvenience. It required but a few minutes to slide the pony wheels back onto the track and the train was soon on its way to Lock Haven.

Buy lots at State College, the fastest growing town in the State.

Dr. McKenzie, of Fruitland Park, Florida, was an arrival in Bellefonte on Wednesday.

Mrs. John Beaver, of Yonkers, New York, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. John Blanchard.

Clifford Thomas departed on Monday for his farms, after visiting here for a week with his sister, Miss MaryThomas

Herbert H. Ashman, of Philipsburg, Washington party candidate for the Assembly at Harrisburg, greeted friends in town this week.

Mrs. Harry Keller entertained with a porch dance on Wednesday night in honor of her niece, Miss Elizabeth Keller, of Lancaster.

Jack Dale will depart in the next few days for Florida, where he will be attached to an engineering corps during his summer vacation.

Miss Adeline Olewine left on Tuesday for New York, from which point she sails today on the "Saint Anna" to be abroad several months.

Miss Salie Fitzgerald entertained on Tuesday evening in honor of her house guests, Mrs. Campbell and Miss Esther Gephart, of Williamsport.

The many friends of Mrs. Sallie Wilson, of Milesburg, will regret to learn that on Friday she sustained a bad fall and broke her collar bone.

Lieutenant James Taylor, an instructor at the United States Military Academy at West Point, was an arrival home on Wednesday morning for a brief vacation.

Rev. Mr. Charlton, who has been called as rector of St. John's Protestant Episcopal church in Bellefonte, arrived here yesterday. The usual services will be held next Sunday.

The Misses Witmer, daughters of "Bob" Witmer, of Philadelphia, are expected here on Monday to spend a fortnight with Mrs. James B. Lane at the Bush House.

The Hughes party will depart today for their annual camping expedition near Snow Shoe. The party will include Rev. J. P. Hughes, Professor and Mrs. J. R. Hughes, Ensign and Mrs. Theodore H. Winters and a number of others. They will be gone about three weeks.

On Wednesday morning, at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Willian. F. Gehrett, on East High Street, Harry F. Hubler, of Lock Haven, and Miss Madelene E. Gehrett, of Bellefonte, were united in the holy bonds of wedlock. The attendants were Miss Ruth B. Howley and James E. Gehrett, the latter a brother of the bride. After a wedding trip to Niagara Falls, and other points, Mr. and Mrs. Hubler will reside at Lock Haven. The groom is a telegraph operator in the employ of the Pennsylvania Railroad.

Chinese Won Second Game.

The Chinese University of Hawaii baseball team won the second game from the Academy a—stars last Thursday afternoon on the new Hughes athletic field. There was a nerve-racking finish in the closing half of the ninth, when with two down and the bases filled a hit would have given the Academy a second victory. The necessary punch was lacking and and the Chinese won, 3—2. A large crowd was on hand for Thursday's game. Snyder pitched for the Academy and made a good showing. He was well supported from start to finish. The Chinese scored first, when with the bases filled a high fly dropped between two Academy fielders. Two Chinese players raced over the home plate. On several occasions the Academy had opportunities to bat in runs, but as a rule when hits were needed they were not forthcoming. Dillon started the excitement on his first time at bat, cracking out a hard single. The run his assn was killed almost before it got well started, for by a clever bit of trick work the ball was concealed and before Dillon realized it he was tossed out off first base. A short time later, however, he again stirred up considerable excitement by knocking out a home run, the hit being a long, low drive into right field.

Strategy by the Chinese players during a period of excitement when lots of players would ordinarily be using little headwork, choked off what looked like a good chance for the Academy to score. With an Academy man on first the next batter up knocked a high fly just outside the diamond, between first and second. The runner on first was held there by the belief that the fly would be caught. Instead of catching the fly the Chinese player purposely dropped the ball and then quickly grabbing it threw to second from which bag it was pegged to first. Both batter and the runner on first were declared out, although some little confusion and kicking resulted before the matter could be settled. In the ninth the Academy braced. The Chinese pitcher was somewhat wild. A second run was scored for the Academy, and with only one more needed to tie the score the locals managed to fill the bases. The last man up hit the ball but unfortunately it was not safe and the side was out.

The Chinese had an off-day Friday and Professor James R. Hughes tried to arrange a third game for the "rubber." The Chinese manager was unwilling to do this, explaining that his team was already crippled and needed rest. On Saturday the Chinese team was defeated by Bucknell University at Lewisburg. On Sunday they easily defeated Shamokin.

AUCTION LOT SALE!

STATE COLLEGE---June 19 & 20, 1914

Lytle Addition---100 Choice Building Lots

in this fast growing town to be sold at auction. The highest bidder the buyer. A chance of a life time. Get on Leathers Brothers free train leaving Bellefonte at 10.30, stopping at all stations, each morning of the sale and returning in the evening.

Leave	Bellefonte	10.30
	Coleville	10.35
	Morris	10.38
	Stevens	10.43
	Hunters Park	10.46
	Fillmore	10.50
	Briarly	10.55
	Waddles	11.00
	Krumrine	11.12
	State College	11.25

A train leaves Coburn Saturday, 20th, on the L. & T., at 10.10 and arrives in State College at 11.00.

Leave	Coburn	10.10
	Zerbey	10.16
	Rising Springs	10.24
	Penn's Cave	10.32
	Center Hall	10.38
	Gregg	10.44
	Linden Hall	10.50
	Oak Hall	10.55
	Lemont or State College	11.00

These trains are absolutely free and will take you to lot sale and return in the evening. Get on the free train for the big Auction Lot Sale.

Free band concert, by "Our Boys' Band" of Milesburg, Composed of 35 pieces. One of the most popular bands in the State. We will give an

AUTOMOBILE ABSOLUTELY FREE

at this sale. Every person attending the sale over 18 years of age can participate in the contest The only requirements are that you must be on the grounds the day of the sale and vote your own ticket. Some body will be the happy owner of this 1914 touring car. Ask the man who bought real estate at our big lot sale five years ago what he thinks of real estate in State College. This is a town that is growing every year. Over eighty houses being constructed at the present time. We invite you to come out and look the property over. Sale rain or shine. We hold our sale under a large canvas. We have headquarters on the grounds. Don't forget that transporatation costs you nothing.

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The Already Famous "English Finish" Blue Serges are the Biggest Sensation in years at $20

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These genuine "English Finish" Blue Serges are made from English yarn, spun from specially selected English and Australian wool.

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"English Finish" Blue Serge cannot lose its beautiful blue color or its true serge lustre.

It does not cockel at the seams or edges, and day in and day out it wears.

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We guarantee that we have one which will satisfy your demands for the finest fit, the smartest cut and the prettiest finish.

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